

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Vol. 135

JUNE, 1950

No. 808

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

THE EDITOR

THE HENDAYE TAPESTRY: THE TRUTH ABOUT
FRANCO'S RESISTANCE TO HITLER IAN COLVIN

"MUTUALISATION" OF INSURANCE:
THE SOCIALIST CASE R. H. S. CROSSMAN, M.P.
THE BUSINESS ANSWER SIR FRANK MORGAN

THE PAST AND FUTURE OF JERUSALEM
SIR WILLIAM FITZGERALD

COLOUR BAR AND COMMONWEALTH
LAURENCE GANDAR

PAINTINGS AT THE ACADEMY MICHAEL JAFFÉ

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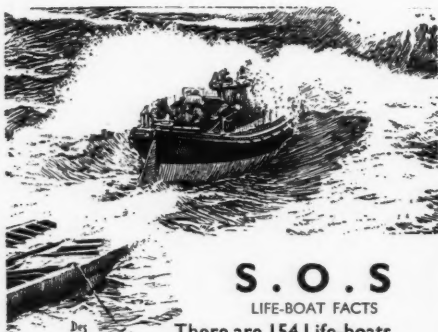


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Published by the Proprietors,
THE NATIONAL REVIEW LIMITED,
at 72 Coleman Street, London, E.C.2.

The Editor will gladly consider articles submitted to him in typescript for publication, with the author's name and address on the front page; but authors should retain duplicate copies, as no responsibility is undertaken for the return of rejected contributions.

Editorial Offices: 47 Lowndes Square, London, S.W.1.

Advertisement Office: 15 Bedford Street, London, W.C.2.

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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

THIS is the first number of the amalgamated *National and English Review*. We have not sought to adorn it with any special bunting and streamers; we are not "dressing-up" as for some extraordinary or unique occasion. The standard of the present number is the standard we intend to maintain and, wherever possible, improve. There is plenty of room for improvement, and we feel no smugness about this our first attempt in a line not altogether familiar. But we trust all the same that our readers will find it to their taste.

The Schuman Plan

THE most significant event of the past month has been the proposal by M. Schuman, the French Foreign Minister, that Franco-German coal and steel production should be placed under a common authority, "within the framework of an organisation open to the participation of the other countries of Europe." This authority should be set up in accordance with "treaties signed between the States and submitted for the ratification of their Parliaments." The personalities composing the authority should be "independent" and "appointed by Governments on an equal basis." A representative of the United Nations should be accredited to the authority to report twice yearly, and publicly, on its good (or bad) behaviour.

This new international cartel should "not in any way prejudice the methods of ownership of enterprises." Its tasks should be to secure "in the shortest possible time the modernisation of production and the improvement of its quality; the supply of coal and steel on identical terms to the French and German markets as well as to the markets of other member countries; the development in common of export to other countries; and the equalisation as well as improvement of living conditions of

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workers in these industries." To these ends "certain transitional measures" are proposed.

Such, in outline, is the Schuman plan.

A Wise Political Expedient

LET us say at once that we welcome and applaud it as a wise and generous gesture on the part of a French statesman. The idea behind the plan cannot, indeed, be regarded as an original inspiration of M. Schuman's: it was strongly advocated in this country well over a year ago by Mr. Eden, and it has for some time been present in the minds of many who, whatever their nationalities, are concerned for the future of Europe.

But the initiative has come from France; and it was right that this should be so, though it is unfortunate, to say the least, that our own Government should appear to have been "caught napping." The purpose and justification of the proposed plan cannot, in spite of much verbiage, be primarily economic: though it might react favourably upon the internal economies of some member-states, the new authority, if and when constituted, would inevitably produce coal and steel at a high uniform price to the consumer. The political requirements which the authority would be designed to meet would preclude, in effect, low-cost production. The object of the scheme is therefore essentially political, and it is as well to recognise this from the start.

The Main Advantages

THE advantages of placing European, and more especially Franco-German, coal and steel production under international control are fairly obvious. The task of supervising German heavy industry, of guarding against its misuse for militaristic purposes and of neutralising its cut-throat competitive power, might in this way become feasible without offence to German susceptibilities; German self-pity and propaganda on the subject of the Saar would become less than ever plausible; and the danger of Communism in two large sectors of European labour might be reduced.

The latter advantage would probably not accrue if Great Britain were to stand out of the scheme; and the arguments for and against our adherence must shortly be considered. But the possible benefits of the scheme to Europe as a whole are clearly great, and a sympathetic awareness of them is bound to be our strongest motive for participation.

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Federalist Assumptions

BEFORE directly considering the question whether or not we should join, we must take note of certain repugnant features in the plan as presented, in outline, by M. Schuman. Though it should be plain enough to a man of M. Schuman's intelligence that this country cannot belong simultaneously to the British Commonwealth and to a federalised Europe, his statement of May 9 is full of federalist arguments, assumptions and aspirations. The coal and steel project is commended as "a first step in the federation of Europe" and "the first concrete foundation of the European federation which is indispensable to the preservation of peace." It is stated that "the movement of coal and steel between member countries will immediately be freed of all Customs duty." (This would be quite inconsistent with Imperial Preference or any other preferential system). The wild assertion is also made that "the solidarity of production" which the merger would effect would make any future war between France and Germany "not merely unthinkable, but actually impossible." (Incidentally, M. Schuman referred in his statement to the "age-old opposition of France and Germany"; and Mr. Attlee spoke in the House of Commons of France's "age-long feud with Germany." This seems to be becoming an accepted *cliché* among politicians, though it is, so far as we can see, quite unhistorical. No doubt it is flattering to the Germans to be told that their barbaric performance as a nation is part of an immemorial struggle between Teuton and Gaul. But, as Mr. Churchill himself has written, "facts are better than dreams.")

The Standard-of-Living Problem

THE biggest economic difficulty involved in the merger plan is that standards of living, and in particular wage rates, differ substantially as between one European country and another. The protagonists of the plan appear to believe that this disequilibrium can be rectified by compensating industries in which wages are high at the expense of those in which they are low. In other words, the international authority would impose the equivalent of a tax upon low-cost producers who were undercutting their competitors by underpaying their workers; and this taxation would either compel the offenders to pay better wages or, at least, compensate "good" employers for their loss of markets. (It should be added that a system, as yet unspecified, of appeal from the authority's decisions is allowed for in the plan.)

The snag in this suggested device for equalising conditions of labour is that it would, in the first instance, encourage Trade Unions everywhere to press for higher wages; but that when their demands ceased to be consistent with economic reality, they would find that they were up against something even more formidable than a State Corporation—a Super-State Corporation! All might be well so long as workers in countries, or in industries, where the standard of living had been low, were being “levelled up” to a higher standard—though there would always be the danger that levelling up for most might mean levelling down for some. But trouble would begin if those whose standard was already high by comparison with others’ demanded prematurely that it should be higher still; or if, through a perversity not unknown to man, discontent were to survive the attainment of an adequate, uniform, economic standard.

Should We Join ?

IS it therefore advisable for Great Britain to participate in M. Schuman’s scheme? The strongest argument for doing so has already been given; that Europe needs the scheme and that we alone, with our high standard of living, can ensure success for that part of it which aims at improving conditions of labour and so countering the threat of Communism in Europe. Another argument in favour of joining is that, if we do not join, a cartel may be formed without us whose competition may do us serious injury. And a further argument, which may appeal to some Conservatives or Liberals, is that the internationalisation of our steel industry may be the best means of averting its nationalisation.

Against these arguments must be set others which it would be folly to disregard. M. Schuman’s proposed Customs Union is on principle unacceptable: but we may find it hard to enter a rigid European cartel without sacrificing some of our essential freedom to discriminate. France and Western Germany are to a large extent complementary as coal and steel producers: but between this country and the Continent of Europe there is no such natural economic affinity. Moreover, the nation with a high standard of living has least to gain and most to lose from the equalisation of working conditions. And British trade unionists may find themselves at loggerheads not with any local, accessible boss, nor even with a distant boss who is at least a compatriot, but with a composite, polyglot boss whose interest is to improve the conditions of workers in Westphalia. British

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coal miners will be particularly vulnerable if they are subjected to such an international authority.

Yes—On our Own Terms

THE conclusion would seem to be that we should offer to co-operate in M. Schuman's scheme, but that we should only do so on certain conditions which should be stated quite clearly. We should repudiate outright, so far as we are concerned, any suggestion that we are moving towards a Federal State of Western Europe. We believe in unity by the Commonwealth method, the basis of which is national sovereignty; and it is not fair to our continental friends to leave them in any doubt on that point. If they want to unite in the federal way, they have nothing to lose but their liberty: but they cannot expect us to abandon the free system of unity for which we stand—a system which includes, *inter alia*, Imperial Preference.

Moreover, we must not get too deeply committed at the outset to a mammoth organisation which may threaten the standard of living of British workers. Our adherence must at first be tentative, and we must be free to withdraw at reasonably short notice if the difficulties and dangers already referred to cannot be overcome. We should be rendering a poor service to Europe if we were to throw ourselves into this scheme with reckless glee, only to find that we were soon forced by deeper loyalties, and by the logic of our position, to extricate ourselves from it with ignominy.

The Sydney Commonwealth Conference

THE Sydney Commonwealth Conference has been rather overshadowed by the North Atlantic ones; but it is of scarcely less importance and seems, after a slightly controversial start, to have achieved some valuable and practical results. Detailed comment must be reserved until the full conclusions are known; but it seems certain even now that three decisions have been made with general consent.

First, an Aid Fund is to be set up immediately on which the South-East Asian countries requiring help may draw as soon as the objects of expenditure are submitted and approved. Secondly, all the countries represented, including Canada, New Zealand, Pakistan and Ceylon, will contribute to this Fund; but the main burden is to fall on Britain, Australia and India, in that order. Thirdly, a central Commonwealth Bureau will be established in Colombo to collect information and administer the Fund.

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Australia Leads

THESE are notable results, if the Fund is promptly established on the generous scale, embodying both immediate and long-term aid, that appears to be contemplated. It is notable also in another way, since the contemplated Commonwealth Bureau in Ceylon will be the first Commonwealth organ set up for co-operative Commonwealth action since the British Empire Delegation which attended the Peace Conferences in Paris and also the Washington Conference after the First World War.

And to Australia in the first place is due the praise. Australian initiative brought about the Conference. Australia furnished the outlines of the plan to be discussed. Australia was clearly from the outset the most ready to contribute immediate financial aid. Very properly Mr. Spender, the chief Australian delegate, was elected to the chair. Very evidently he, with Mr. Menzies, the Prime Minister, and the Australian Government behind, gave the Conference the sense of urgency and the drive for lack of which so many conferences expire in futility.

Canada and World Affairs

IT is also a memorable event, if confirmed, that Canada is to contribute to the Fund and to be represented on the Colombo bureau. Since Mr. St. Laurent's Government has also welcomed (after itself, it may be, initiating) the proposal that Canadian and American delegates should be added informally to the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation, Canada is playing a part in world affairs worthy of her national character and natural strength. Mr. Pearson's recent speech to the Canada Club in London, admirable in other ways, seemed rather too much burdened with the little-brother-between-two big-brothers complex. Canada is now a great country in her own right and bound to rise rapidly in the scale of wealth and influence as her population is enlarged. She need not play little brother to anyone. Her generous aid has been of inestimable value to this country, and we are glad that Mr. Attlee, prompted by Mr. Eden, has asked what practical help we can render to sufferers from the terrible Red River floods.

Peaceful Revolution in Turkey

IN a world which confronts free institutions with a challenge unimaginable a generation ago, it is encouraging to see that free elections have recently been held in three Middle Eastern countries—Egypt, Jordan, Turkey—where they have never been

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held or never been truly free before. The challenge, Heaven knows, is formidable; but, like John Brown's, the soul of freedom goes marching on.

The results of the most recent election, that in Turkey, are particularly remarkable. The Turkish people have swept away the Government, the Party, and practically all the men who have controlled their fortunes since Kemal Ataturk, their great revolutionary and despot, died. That is a sign of national vitality which can be calmly welcomed by the western world, since it is certain that Turkey's foreign policy will not be altered nor her friendships impaired. This country values the friendship with her which has grown in substance ever since the aftermath of the First World War, and will watch with interest and sympathy her development under the impulse of new men.

The Colour Question Again

AN article on the colour question by a Kemsley Scholar from South Africa will be found on a later page. Nothing is more necessary for the peace of Africa in coming years than a just appreciation of that problem in all its complexity by people who have not lived in daily contact with it; that is Mr. Gandar's object in writing, and his article serves his purpose well. But he is mistaken in identifying all British policy north of the Zambesi with British West African policy in its present phase; and it is of such importance to avoid misunderstanding between men of liberal outlook on this intensely critical issue that we must comment briefly on the point. We ourselves, for instance, are firmly convinced that Africa would collapse into strife and economic chaos failing European guidance with real power to guide; but on the colour question we are at irreconcilable odds with Dr. Malan.

The Doctrine of An Impassable Bar

THIS is not, we must repeat, because Dr. Malan believes that peace and orderly progress demand that the reins of government and the control of development shall be firmly held in European hands. We believe that as strongly as he. What we criticise is his belief in a colour bar which no coloured man is ever to be allowed to cross. His view, let us admit, is not peculiar to South Africa; it is still regarded as fundamental in the Southern States of the American Republic, where the terrible crudity and cruelty of the colour bar may be studied at its worst. But it is completely incompatible with the policy and tradition of the British Commonwealth in all other parts of the

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world, and it will create a Mason-Dixon Line in Africa, with all the dangers (particularly to the South) which such a Line entails, if it is not defeated by the concerted will of those thousands of South Africans who understand how dangerous it must be.

The Rhodes Principle

BRITISH principle in Africa is summarised in Cecil Rhodes's maxim of "equal rights for every civilised man," whatever his colour or his race. There is, of course, room for argument as to how the word "civilised" should be defined; but that does not affect the principle, which repudiates the conception of an impassable gulf between race and race. The principle is important, and it can permit of no infraction, as in the Southern American States, where coloured men have long been enfranchised but are not in practice allowed to vote. If the Commonwealth ever failed to maintain that principle, and apply it honestly, in a world which may still be torn by racial conflict, it would lose all virtue and value as a mainstay of Christianity and of peace. The principle is, in fact, being honestly applied to-day in Southern Rhodesia, where voting is based upon a common roll with educational qualifications but no distinction of race; and it must be the foundation of every British polity in Africa which contains a settled European population.

Some Kenya Deviationists

IT is indeed so fundamental that Southern Rhodesians were very naturally appalled at the suggestion made by two or three of the European elected members in Kenya that a deputation should wait on Dr. Malan, if the United Kingdom saw no objection to that course. There will always be a danger of departures of that sort so long as the United Kingdom Government continues to haver on the rights of European settlers, and so long as British Governors in East Africa send out memoranda, belatedly christened "cockshies," which are plainly inimical to those rights. But if the leaders of the European population are to play their proper rôle in East Africa, they must be as firm and clear as the Rhodesians in refusing to accept a colour bar. We are therefore glad to record that the recent deviation was short-lived and disappeared in a mist of explanation and excuse.

The Difference of West Africa

MR. GANDAR, the author of our article, has, we may admit, some reason for identifying British policy in West Africa, where the problem is entirely different, with British policy

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in the rest of Africa, because a large and perhaps preponderant section of British opinion has not yet grasped the importance of the difference and what it must infallibly entail. In West Africa there is no European settlement. The European population, vital as it is, consists entirely of civil servants, technicians, merchants and businessmen who are not settlers but sojourners. They were not born in Africa, and they are not raising families there whose future is inseparable from that of the indigenous peoples; Africa, in fact, is not their home.

In West Africa, therefore, self-government means self-government by the Africans; the "self" in this case is purely African—a highly complex self, it is true, with all its tribal, linguistic, religious, educational, and other differences, but nevertheless, in all its varieties, African. Mr. Gandar is not alone in doubting the wisdom of recent British policy in West Africa; the trouble now mounting in Nigeria is only one example of it, and we shall have much to say upon the subject in future issues, since a firmer and clearer statement of British intentions is desperately needed.

The Rights of European Settlement

BUT he is mistaken in the assumption which he seems to make that there is no difference in British eyes between the West African problem and that in East and Central Africa. The difference is fundamental, because in the Rhodesias and also in Kenya and Tanganyika there are large European populations whose roots are as deep in African soil as those of indigenous Africans. The model, for East and Central Africa, has been set in Southern Rhodesia. It differs *toto coelo* from the ideals of Dr. Malan, because it is based upon the co-operation, not the segregation, of races. But to suppose, as Mr. Gandar apparently does, that European leadership and control can give place, in East and Central Africa, to purely African self-government, as it will in West Africa, is to suppose the impossible; and it is also to create a division between British and liberal South African opinion which does not in fact exist.

British and South African Accord

THERE is much unpractical sentiment on the subject in this country, and also much ignorance and genuine bewilderment. But there is no difference in principle between the views held by such South Africans as the late Mr. Hofmeyr and those which actuate the Government of Southern Rhodesia; and British opinion, whatever its fluctuations, will ultimately be forced by the facts to act upon the Rhodesian model. If only South Africa would follow that example—which owes its origin to

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many enlightened Afrianders no less than to Rhodes—Commonwealth policy would be at one from the Cape to the Abyssinian border, and the fear which is at present driving South African Nationalists to extremes would be dissipated. We earnestly hope this may occur, because nothing else can prevent the establishment of a Mason-Dixon Line with (as once in the United States) a preponderance of moral and material power to the north of it. From that only catastrophe could result.

Mr. Holland, P. C.

IN the February and March numbers of *The National Review* we drew attention to the deplorable fact that Mr. Holland, the new Prime Minister of New Zealand, had not been made a Privy Councillor in the New Year Honours. Last month this honour was belatedly and unobtrusively conferred upon him. While we would not claim that our protests were decisive in this matter, we would not wish to be as behindhand in congratulating Mr. Holland as Mr. Attlee was in recommending him for the Privy Council.

"Mr. Attlee's Conscience"

LAST month *The National Review* published an article entitled "Mr. Attlee's Conscience" from a correspondent who signed himself "Augur" and had some startling things to say. We would not have published "Augur's" article, despite our confidence in his trustworthiness, had we not ourselves investigated the matter of his allegations and satisfied ourselves beyond a peradventure that they deserved the earnest attention of the Prime Minister. It is the traditional duty of Prime Ministers to see that all Departments do the work entrusted to them; and they are surely bound to be interested in any suggestion that money appropriated to a Department by Parliament has been diverted to purposes other than those which that Department exists to serve. The diversion of any part of a Vote to extraneous purposes is wrong, however sound those purposes may be; and it is doubly wrong if, as "Augur" alleged, the extraneous purposes in question are inconsistent with Government policy as a whole and with the mutual loyalty by which all members of a Government are traditionally bound.

The Bureau of Current Affairs

"AUGUR'S" case has now been remarkably fortified by answers given to two questions in Parliament since his article appeared. We will come to these in a moment; but in

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order that new readers may appreciate their significance, we must first very briefly recapitulate the three main counts in "Augur's" charge. The first concerned the now notorious Bureau of Current Affairs, an organisation housed in impressive quarters in Piccadilly and originally set up to take over the work done by a section of the War Office, supervised by the Adjutant-General, during the war. The official object of the Bureau was public information, but it also issued large posters with a propaganda bias which led Mr. Eden to ask a question in Parliament in April, 1947. In consequence, Poster No. 26 was withdrawn.

There were, however, other posters which we have seen. One, displayed in military establishments, cast doubts upon the need for National Service. Another implied that Mr. Bevin was unduly hostile to Russia and subservient to the United States. Others still featured sedition in British Colonial territories, MacArthur's so-called ownership of Japan, and the alleged Napoleonic ambitions of de Gaulle. "Stalin's portrait," our article added, "figured on many of the posters as if he were a protagonist of peace in the world."

Who Paid ?

THE obvious question was—how did such posters come to be displayed in Army barracks and Food Offices, and who paid? The widespread complaint aroused by them caused them ultimately to be withdrawn; but, in spite of challenging statements twice published in the *Yorkshire Evening News*, their provenance was not explained. The newspaper alleged, in particular, that "the Food Ministry was understood to have paid thousands of pounds for them," Mr. Strachey being then the Minister of Food. "Augur" in his article gave grounds for the belief that the sum paid was of five figures. This was his second count. It was also shown in a letter to *The Times* that in 1946 the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust had voted the Bureau a grant of £150,000 spread over five years.

Finally "Augur" pointed out that, at the time the posters were purchased, Mrs. Strachey (according to the *Yorkshire Evening News*) was Public Relations Officer in charge of their distribution, and that this allegation, though twice repeated, had never been denied. This was the third particular count in his appeal to the Prime Minister to take action on the affair.

£28,775

IT appears now as the result of two questions asked in the House of Commons by Mr. H. A. Price, Member for Lewisham

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West, that the total sum spent by the Government on these subversive posters amounted to £28,775. Of this sum, £975 was spent by the Food Office in 1947-48. The rest was spent by the Stationery Office—£9,800 in 1946, £9,000 in 1947, £5,400 in 1948, and £3,600 in 1949. We congratulate Mr. Price on eliciting these remarkable figures. He has rendered true public service, and we hope that he will pursue the theme. For the matter cannot be allowed to rest where it now stands.

Why the Food Ministry ?

TWO further questions manifestly arise. In the first place, what proper interest can the Food Ministry, of all Departments, have in posters of this kind? The Ministry has no responsibility for educating the public on current world problems. How, then, came it into any relation whatever with the Bureau of Current Affairs? Further, under what heading in the Food Ministry Vote was this irrelevant expenditure authorised? Mr. Strachey, as Minister, was of course responsible. Did he or did he not authorise the diversion of a part of his Vote to posters about National Service, foreign policy, and the demerits of his own colleagues who were responsible for these things?

Every Department nowadays seems to have some money to spend on Public Relations, as personal advertisement of the Minister or general Socialist propaganda is euphemistically called ; and it is unquestionably time that Parliament, as watchdog of the public purse, paid rather closer attention to the remarkably wide range of purposes for which these appropriations appear to be used.

Why the Stationery Department ?

AND what about the Stationery Department? That estimable agency, according to the official statement, became unaccountably interested in propaganda on international affairs and spent no less than £27,800 upon that strange fancy in the course of four years. The Stationery Department is a worthy but subsidiary office manned exclusively by Civil Servants, so far as we know. It certainly does not spend the taxpayer's money without Ministerial authority. What Minister gave the authority which sanctioned these large payments to the Bureau of Current Affairs?

The question which produced the information was addressed to Mr. Strachey as Secretary of State for War. He was not Secretary of State when the payments were made; but since he accepted and answered the question, we can only assume

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that the War Office takes responsibility for them. It has, we believe, a vote for Army Education which may, perhaps, be taken to cover expenditure of this kind: but it is surely a very odd form of Army education for the War Office to subsidise. The Army Council is universally believed to regard National Service as imperative in the present state of recruiting and of international affairs. How, then, has any part of the Army Vote come to be spent on propaganda which suggests that National Service is superfluous—propaganda, mark you, in the form of a poster to be hung up in barrack rooms?

Mr. Attlee's Conscience Again

WE credit Mr. Attlee with a conscience, and that is why we published "Augur's" article last month in a form which appealed directly to him. He must know that revelations of the kind we have described cannot be ignored by the man who is Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury without undermining confidence in the rectitude of his regime. If he continues to ignore them, only one conclusion can be drawn.

But in the present case there is more at stake than a question of Ministerial rectitude in domestic affairs, important as that is. There is also the question of confidence in the Ministers responsible for Defence and all the secret knowledge which Defence entails. Julius Cæsar held that Cæsar's wife should be above suspicion and set his wife aside on that high public ground. No lower standard should be tolerated for Ministers concerned with Defence by a British Prime Minister amid the tension and suspicion which at present rule in world affairs.

It may be said against Senator McCarthy in the United States that he flings accusations without proof and reveals his motives as those of a bitter partisan. For our part, we have given proof of our ground for anxiety—it has been given indeed by Ministerial authority in Parliament; and we beg the Prime Minister to clear up this unpleasant story on grounds of national interest which he can hardly fail to recognise.

The Local Elections

IT is impossible to draw any sweeping deductions from the results of the local elections. Labour seems to have made a few gains in rural areas, while the position in the towns is fairly static. Many ward boundaries in the big cities had been altered, but that does not seem to have greatly affected the result. The total poll was, of course, very greatly below that recorded at the General Election—often less than half—and this fact alone

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makes it useless to regard the local elections as a pointer to national feeling as a whole. To judge from the two recent bye-elections, the total poll at the next General Election will again exceed 80 per cent., whereas even a 40 per cent. poll was the exception in a municipal ward. All one can say is that, as yet, there is no reason to suppose any significant shift in public opinion since February. But even a shift of 1 per cent. could affect a vital number of parliamentary seats.

The Rural Areas

THE Labour gains in rural districts, though not very numerous, afford justification to those observers who claimed that the Conservative strength in country districts was firmest in the county towns. But Labour supporters among the agricultural workers can hardly have been encouraged by the antics of Mr. Stanley Evans, whose recent speech in the House of Commons was described by an anxious Chancellor of the Exchequer as a "strange agricultural interlude." The agricultural part of the Conservative party programme needs more effective presentation than it often receives, and Mr. Evans's irresponsible verbal pyrotechnics should provide the occasion for a really strong campaign in rural areas.

In the Lions' Den

"WE Nonconformists have a hymn: 'Dare to be a Daniel, dare to stand alone.'" In thus comparing himself with the prophet of old, Lord Stansgate flattered himself. Daniel subdued the lions, but his lordship did not escape the jaws of his fellow peers Addison and Salisbury. Few recent Parliamentary performances have attracted more attention than Lord Vansittart's speech on Communists in the public service, and Lord Stansgate's motion on Parliamentary Privilege which was its consequence. Lord Vansittart never errs in understating his case. But it would be a sad mistake to suppose that his arguments lacked general validity, merely because a few of his statements were inaccurate in detail. The danger of Communist infiltration into the B.B.C., the Universities, and the Churches, is no less real because the Reverend Gilbert Cope does not happen to be a Canon, nor—in the plain and literal sense of the words—a "murderous priest." "If it is right," says Mr. Cope, "for English Democrats to fight against German Fascists, precisely the same sort of justification is involved when fellow nationals become opposed to each other in the world struggle to abolish Capitalism." The doctrine that God's

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purposes may be furthered by Civil War does not, so far as we are aware, figure prominently in the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion. Mr. Cope can hardly take it amiss that we should regard him as somewhat more bloodthirsty than the average Anglican incumbent.

A Poor Specimen

IT must be admitted that Lord Stansgate was not notably assisted by the Spiritual Peer who was his chief supporter. The Bishop of Bradford had hitherto been known to the general public only for his part in precipitating the Abdication Crisis of 1936. True, he has other claims to fame. Candidates for the School Certificate examination have often been grateful for his lucid and helpful commentaries on St. Mark and on the Acts of the Apostles. The Bishop has never made any secret of his political preferences. Thus in 1946, in a sermon at one of our older Universities, he sharply criticised the presumption of the Conservative party in expressing (at the Blackpool Conference) their determination to maintain the Christian religion. But it was a surprise to learn, in the debate, that Soviet Russia was not sufficiently left-wing to satisfy his lordship's Christian principles. "I regard Russia," he said, "as so poor a specimen of real Communism that I should describe it politically as a proletarian oligarchy, and economically as a system of State Capitalism." It is really pathetic that anyone should wish to indulge in this kind of ratiocination over the precise boundaries of Socialism, Communism, and State Capitalism. The Bishop might more profitably take to heart the old saying: "Where there is no vision, the people perish."

The Earlier Communist Manifesto

THE Bishop, in the course of his speech, remarked that there was "not a little in the New Testament which can be put forward as a justification for Christian Socialism." But neither of his illustrations, it must be confessed, was particularly felicitous. "In the fourth chapter of the Book of the Acts, we read that the first Christian church at Jerusalem was established on a communist basis and that they 'had all things common.'" Whether the economic practices of a small religious sect have much relevance to contemporary affairs may legitimately be doubted. In any event this communist experiment was abandoned in chapter six. The appointment of the seven deacons was a notable concession to what the Bishop would call State Capitalism.

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The Bishop's other illustration was still more doubtful. The *Magnificat*, he remarked, was truly described as "infinitely more revolutionary than the Red Flag." Pious high-churchmen, bowing their heads at the words "And holy is His name" to the strains of Stanford in A, might well reflect on the respective merits of the *Magnificat* and the Communist Manifesto as clarion-calls to proletarian action. "*He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble and meek*": but it is surely pressing the doctrine of Apostolic Succession rather far to suggest that the Almighty has delegated the abasement of temporal principalities and powers to his ordained Ministers.

Mafeking

IT was very right that the fiftieth anniversary of the relief of Mafeking should be celebrated at the Royal Empire Society by a luncheon to the survivors of the siege. Only six attended, the youngest of them seventy-five years old; but there were also present ten survivors from the relieving columns, some from the fine frontier forces of the period and some from regiments of ancient fame. And Lady Baden-Powell was rightly there to represent the man of genius who, in later days, founded the world-wide movement of Boy Scouts and Girl Guides. For though his greater monument is in that movement, the defence of Mafeking stands high in the annals of frontier fighting and will always be associated with his name.

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HITLER AND SPAIN

By IAN COLVIN

ON the white cliffs of Dover, the sands of El Alamein, and the banks of the Volga at Stalingrad there are monuments to three turning points of the second World War, where the flood of Hitler's fire and steel was stemmed and turned back. But if our grandchildren ask us why it was that Hitler stopped at the Pyrenees and how Spain remained neutral against all historical likelihood, there is no simple answer that we can give them. The fourth and most enigmatic turning point of the European War is practically forgotten. The English bathers at St. Jean-de-Luz, the Americans at Biarritz, the Frenchmen lounging under the palm trees of Hendaye, where the white façade of the Spanish Consulate with its pretentious wrought-iron doors (nearly always shut) faces the Atlantic rollers, none of these gives a thought to-day to the memorable October 23, 1940, when the German Chief of State travelled along this coast to meet the Spanish Caudillo at the foot of the Pyrenees. No stone will be raised to mark what is dimly remembered as the Hendaye Conference.

When painters and weavers were historians, they often conveniently put several incidents of the same story on to one canvas or tapestry. The monarchs advanced on their steeds; the cloth of gold, the carcenets gleamed; the thickness of spears, heads, legs and spurs lent a thronged importance to their meeting. Another moment of time was caught in the background, the vanquished lying slaughtered in an olive grove or hurtling from a cliff,

the traitor hanging incongruously from a gibbet.

Here then are the figures that will fill the centre of my tapestry of Hendaye: the German conqueror in uniform with peaked cap, his bulging eyes set snake-like on the small plump Caudillo; with them all their chivalry in grey and scarlet; the meeting place a railway coach, the Fuehrer's own, at the end of the long railway from Paris and Bordeaux between the Pyrenees and the Atlantic.

Ribbentrop is with the Fuehrer in a pseudo-military uniform, designed by himself; Marshal Keitel, Chief of the High Command; Marshal von Brauchitsch, Commander-in-Chief of the Army; Colonel-General Dollman and Lieutenant-General Bodenschatz. There is the tall figure of Dr. von Stohrer, German Ambassador in Madrid; General Espinosa de los Monteros, the Spanish Ambassador in Berlin; and Ramon Serrano Suner, brother-in-law of the Caudillo, newly made Spanish Foreign Minister, attending his master with translators and secretaries, aides-de-camp and generals of the staff.

The German infantry band at Hendaye station—it soon created a diplomatic incident by venturing into San Sebastian—struck up military music as the two trains pull in. The game for high stakes begins in what the official United States documents describe as "Hitler's parlor car."

In drawing up the frontiers of Vichy France, Hitler had left himself this



HITLER SAYS GOOD-BYE TO FRANCO AFTER THE HENDAYE MEETING

A.P.

coastal strip of holiday resorts, the Cote d'Or, connecting with Spain. He wanted to end the neutrality of Spain and make use of her possessions in Africa, Spanish Morocco and Rio de Oro and the Spanish bases in the Canaries from which German submarines could attack British convoys. The game in the military coach was for the pillars of Hercules—Ceuta and Gibraltar—and Melilla. How well Rommel might have fared if the Straits of Gibraltar had been closed by German siege guns and Stukas in 1941 !

The communiqués of the day did not even say where the Chiefs of State met. Accounts of the Hendaye conference are sparse. Serrano Suner, now retired from politics, has not been allowed by the Caudillo to publish a chapter about Hendaye in his book *Between the Pyrenees and Gibraltar*. The official

German documents published by the United States Department of State in 1946 break off their records of the parlour car conversations unfinished, with the note that "the record of this conversation is incomplete." Yet we do know that Hitler travelled all the way to the Pyrenees to try and get beyond them; what we have to find out is why he failed.

Who arranged this meeting?

Serrano Suner had visited Berlin as Minister of the Interior a month previously. He relates in *Between the Pyrenees and Gibraltar* something of his preliminary conversations with Hitler and Ribbentrop in Berlin. He speaks of affable talks conducted in the vaguest terms, during which he mentioned the need for artillery if Spain were to undertake the siege of Gibraltar; but he is shown by the captured German

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documents* to have reaffirmed an official Spanish assurance given in strictest secrecy in Berlin in June, 1940, that Spain would in her own time cease to be neutral and enter the war on the side of the Axis powers as arms and grain supplies from Germany enabled her to defy the British blockade.

Suner added that an attack on Gibraltar had been discussed with German military experts and that Spain would need ten 15-inch (38-cm.) guns to reduce the Rock. It is curious that a Minister of the Interior should have been authorised to go into such details at that stage of discussing an "eventual entry of Spain into the war"; but we shall see later a possible explanation for this. It is interesting to divine from their talk, when they moved over to the map table, that Hitler was insistent that *Stukas* were far more devastating against fortifications. Obviously he was anxious to establish his Luftwaffe staff on the airfields of Spain. Once he had given artillery to Spain he could no longer control its use; but even if Gibraltar could not be taken with *Stukas*, the aircraft would be able to attack British convoys in the Straits, and would remain a German weapon. Suner wanted the guns, but he was less enthusiastic about the aircraft. Finally, Hitler was obliged to state that "it would not be possible to provide the 15-inch guns." This was probably true. When we read German reports on the lack of heavy coastal artillery on the Atlantic wall four years later, we are tempted to suppose that there was some inevitable bottleneck in casting German heavy ordnance, and that Franco had touched upon a weak spot.

Suner is convinced now that his own conciliatory firmness helped to dupe the Hun. He writes: "I held it to be self-evident to avoid categorical refusals to

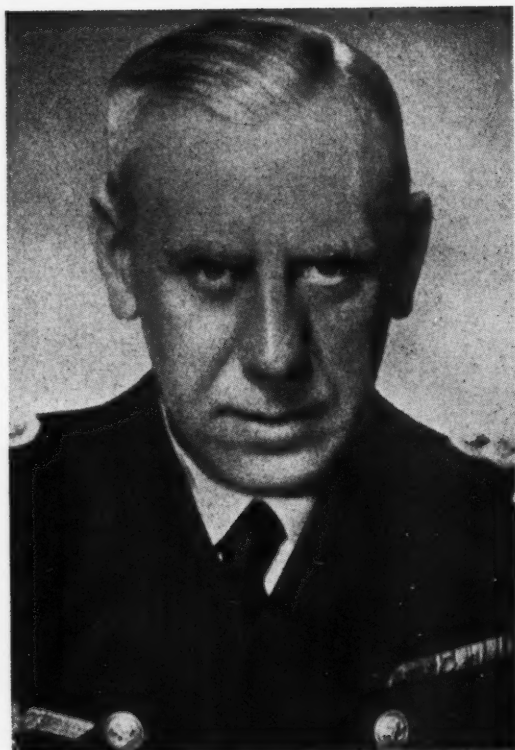
Hitler, lest he should seize them as an excuse for violating Spanish neutrality."

No doubt many influences were working upon Franco, many incoherent stresses were pulling him this way and that, when he heard that the Fuehrer was going all the way to Hendaye to meet him. If he thought of the fate of Rotterdam and Eben Emael, no doubt he also remembered the destruction of the French Fleet at Oran, just three months earlier. The grimness of the British war leader may have had a steadying influence; the thought that, harassed and stretched as it was, the Royal Navy with its famous system of navicerts still sailed between him and his American wheat and petrol. Even so, with Britain alone and beleaguered by bombers and U-boats, it was not entirely easy to decide to postpone the blow at Gibraltar.

A Chief of State like Francisco Franco, a practical man and no fanatic, will have sized up first his country's needs and decided that neutrality was best for Spain, still exhausted from her own terrible civil war. Secondly, he will have attempted to size up the intentions of his German opponent and the exact meaning of Wehrmacht troop concentrations near the coastal road towards Hendaye. Here one of the most singular men in modern European history came quietly to his aid.

Admiral Wilhelm Canaris, Chief of the German Military Intelligence Service, is mentioned by the pro-Nazi Suner in describing his Berlin conversations with Hitler in September, as spreading 'confused ideas on Spanish problems.' Canaris had been entrusted by Hitler and Goering with the smuggling of the Condor legion into Spain during the civil war of 1936-1938, and had since been given a roving mission by the Fuehrer to exploit the Peninsula and help to prepare Spain for war against Britain.

* "The Spanish Government and the Axis," U.S. Dept. of State, 1946.



ADMIRAL CANARIS

Had this mission not been given to him, the restless Admiral would certainly have considered his high position sufficient pretext for travelling frequently to Spain on intelligence matters. Unlike some of his counterparts in Whitehall, he believed in being on the spot himself instead of sitting at home with preconceived ideas. Probably no high foreign official knew the Peninsula so well as Canaris. He had worked there for the German naval attaché in the first World War, spying on Allied shipping and arranging to refuel and revictual German U-boats in Mediterranean and Atlantic waters.

At that time "Canaris directed uprisings of chieftains of Moroccan and Arab tribes against the French and British," relates one of his departmental chiefs, Lieutenant-General Bamler.* "From then on, as Canaris himself told me, his secret collaboration began with Franco, who was serving

* Under Soviet interrogation.

with the Spanish army in the rank of a Major." After August, 1936, when Franco decided to strike at the Republicans and Anarchists, it was Canaris who interested Goering and Hitler in his plans and "explained that although Franco was unknown as a politician, he deserved all trust and support as he was a tested man with whom he, the Admiral, had been collaborating already for many years." Canaris, this fluent, subtle man, passionately absorbed in Spanish affairs, listened to by the grateful Caudillo, was the very man, so Hitler may have thought, to further German aims in 1940. His diminutive figure, white-haired, with intense blue eyes and an expression of silent, nervous concentration, standing a little apart, draws our eyes away from the more flamboyant personages of the tapestry.

When Hitler exclaimed to Suner in Berlin on September 17 that "It would be a matter primarily of taking Gibraltar with extraordinary speed and protecting the Straits," the perplexed mind of Suner turned to the activities and opinions of Admiral Canaris. "With extraordinary speed?" The Admiral had not been so sanguine of success as his Fuehrer. Who had advised Franco to ask for ten 15-inch guns for the Gibraltar undertaking, which he was now told could not be provided? The Admiral and General von Richthofen had been the principal German officers of the military commission that examined the Gibraltar operation. They should have known that the guns were not available. "I perceived in Berlin that anything to do with Spanish affairs was utterly confused," wrote Suner in his memoirs. "One of the reasons for this confusion was the somewhat singular rôle played by Admiral Canaris who had relations in Spain with persons other than the Ministry of Foreign Affairs."

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Aloud and to Hitler at the time Suner said that the report on the vulnerability of Gibraltar given by the German experts in Spain "had not brought their views clearly to the surface." Strangely, no suspicion even then dawned on the mind of Hitler. He insisted that, "on the basis of the impressions of the German military commission that had gone to Spain to examine the question on the spot, as well as on reports formerly obtained or sent recently by Admiral Canaris, they had come to the conclusion that Gibraltar could be conquered by a modern attack with relatively modest means."

Suner begged him to put these views in writing to Franco, as if the Caudillo had been told something quite different. So Hitler set about softening Franco himself. He decided that he would have to go and see him to be sure of being properly understood in future. He complied with the suggestion of Suner, committed to writing his views on the vulnerability of Gibraltar and other military problems connected with the spreading of war to Spain, and asked for the Hendaye meeting.

"I received your letter, my dear Fuehrer," replied Franco on September 22, "with your views and those of your General Staff . . . which, with the exception of small details, match my thoughts and those of my General Staff."

The letter that Hitler had written was insistent on the Spanish affair. He had discovered that England could hardly be defeated by direct assault, though he did not reveal that. Spain offered the most obvious and immediate opportunity for a secondary success.

It was on October 23 at Hendaye that Hitler made his formal demand for military passage through Spain to attack the Rock, though he may have first mentioned his target date, January

10, when Suner visited him in Berchtesgaden in November.

The mesmeric powers of Hitler were abnormal; the bulging eyes beneath his peaked cap as he seized the Caudillo's hand gave forth every symptom of hypnotic effort. He sought to overbear the Caudillo, and during the next nine hours there was that suffocating flow of language with which he habitually stupefied his victim, like a boa-constrictor covering his prey with saliva before devouring it. But the Caudillo showed extraordinary toughness and resilience, and took his leisure after the repast. The Fuehrer complained that he was being kept waiting for above an hour, but the Caudillo excused himself with a message that he must invariably have his siesta.

Hitler described the bombing of London and the U-boat war in the Atlantic, and he totted up his 230 divisions. The Caudillo was affable, dignified, quite uncowed and at moments even detached; and when he mounted his own railway coach again to cross the Bidassoa and climb the Pyrenees, he was fending off an insistent Fuehrer's:

"I must have your answer now."

"I will think about it. I will write to you."

There was indeed correspondence, and a to and fro of ministers, ambassadors, and generals. Hitler wrote on February 6—after his target date had come and passed—and Franco left his letter unanswered until February 26, when he replied, "Your letter of the 6th makes me wish to reply very promptly . . ."

At Hendaye the brusque methods of Hitler against smaller men than himself had failed for the first time, because Franco had gone to Hendaye armed with certain knowledge. Indeed he had vital information that deciphered the views of Hitler and his General Staff

as set forth in the Fuehrer's September letter. The Admiral had given him the clue that while they would welcome Spanish participation in the war, Hitler, his High Command and his Army General Staff were agreed that with Russia unconquered in their rear, there could be no question of entering Spain by force if the Spaniards resisted. The prospect of guerilla war along the roads and railways from the Pyrenees to Gibraltar had sobered them; they were daunted—and no wonder—by the thought of having to use and maintain the Spanish railways; they thought of the necessity, once in, for conquering Portugal too if Britain were to be kept out of the Peninsula, and the immense addition of coastline there would be to defend. There were only the coastal road and railway to carry their military transport into Spain, and the German Ambassador had reported in a dispatch of the previous August, "For long stretches between Bayonne and San Sebastian, they can be observed and fired upon from the sea." The alternative road over the Pyrenees through St. Jean Pied-de-Port had been reconnoitred and found unsuitable.

One of the strangest riddles in history is the consummate skill with which the Admiral contrived to present obstacles and delays to his master and create resistances against him. Where he was perfectly sure that Hitler was bluffing, he would not scruple to inform his adversary, and Franco believed him. Once before, when he had detected Hitler promising his General Staff not to take aggressive action, but to try and bluff his way ahead, Canaris had warned another Power, Great Britain, to remain firm; but he had not an old friend at the seat of power in London in 1938 to accept his word for it.

The motives of Canaris for disliking the Spanish adventure were not all of a

military nature; there would have been great military advantage for Germany in closing the Straits; and if the Spaniards had starved or rebelled, the Straits could still have been held shut by a German task force in Andalusia.

Canaris had motives that intelligence officers do not easily grasp, and enemies in war time would scarcely credit; he loved the bright, sombre and unreasoning Spain with the protective solicitude of a man who had seen her terribly riven and exhausted by her own civil war; he had also come to hate Hitler and his works. If we go further back, there is another possible sentimental motive, in his early career, for wishing to repay a debt to Spain. He owed his life in 1916 to a Spanish sea captain, who turned his ship away from Marseilles at Lieutenant Canaris's request and put the German spy, for whom the police were waiting in Marseilles, safe ashore at a Spanish port.

When Hitler got over the first discomfiture of Henda—"I would rather have four teeth out than go through it again," he told Mussolini in Florence—he sent Admiral Canaris—what better man!—to see Franco in Madrid and urge him to enter the war and give German troops the right to attack Gibraltar. Canaris saw Franco alone with General Vigon, Chief of Spanish Military Intelligence. Suner was not present! "Canaris had subsequently to attempt to secure Spanish intervention several times," writes Dr. Abshagen, his German biographer. "He hardly expected Franco to yield as the German position grew steadily worse"—but who kept Franco informed of the worsening German situation but the Admiral himself, and his good friend the Chief of Spanish Military Intelligence, General Vigon, with whom Canaris played an open

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hand? "It probably never entered Hitler's head at that time," comments Abshagen, "that if he wished to intervene in Spain, any of his own officers should oppose it."

Canaris was discreet in his indications. Just that sarcastic inflection of the voice during an audience was maybe enough to tell his Spanish intimates what were his inward thoughts.

"Ask him for 15-inch guns," I can imagine the Admiral's whispered counsel to Vigon or Franco at the time when Gibraltar seemed a most tempting prize and German pressure most irresistible, "*die kann er nicht hergeben.*"

When this quaint story of medieval guile is told in full and the ornate border of the tapestry filled out with all the symbols of war and peace, it will no doubt surprise another in the remote background, Lord Templewood, then Ambassador in Madrid, who was filled with anxiety by the frequent visits of the Admiral to Spain. Upon the face of General Sir F. N. M. Mason-Macfarlane ("Mason-Mac"), who took over The Rock from Lord Gort, and had some knowledge of Canaris from his days as military attaché in Berlin, I fancy I see a wry smile.

The border of the tapestry is peopled with small and busy agents (like ants, bees and crickets among the grapes, orange and olive branches of Spain); the British and Germans watching each other; the Germans observing fleet movements from Algeciras and La Linea; the Germans watching Spanish troop movements both near the Pyrenees and near Gibraltar, to discern the measure of

Franco's aspirations and fears. The Germans found no signs of a Spanish assault force gathering against Gibraltar, but they did notice a movement of troops towards the Pyrenees.

There was a sequel, of course, but it has its place in the tapestry. Both the Allies and the extreme Fascist officers of the Spanish Armada stumbled upon the Admiral's game, and some backroom genius had to let it out. Canaris's loyalty was questioned in an Allied newspaper. Even that by itself, for lack of detail, did not unseat him; but early in 1944 he was retired. In 1945, just before the net closed on Hitler himself, Kaltenbrunner turned up traces of the Admiral's mysterious and disconcerting diplomacy when interrogating disloyal German officers and diplomats arrested after the July mutiny. His hand was visible in the defeat of Germany.

In the green distance of the Hendaye tapestry you can see the small figure of the Admiral hanging, at Hitler's command, on a gibbet with officers of his staff.

Among their faults, dictators sometimes have the virtue of gratitude. When General Franco heard of the kill, and recalled how much both he and Spain owed to Canaris, he sent word to the Admiral's widow in Bavaria that she might go and live in Spain as guest of the State for as long as she pleased. I doubt whether many richer countries would have the power to repay as much, even if they were willing to acknowledge the debt.

IAN COLVIN.

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"MUTUALISATION" OF INSURANCE

1. THE SOCIALIST CASE

By R. H. S. CROSSMAN, M.P.

THE case for nationalising insurance has always been based on two main arguments. From the point of view of the consumer—in this case, the policy-holder—the classic indictment of Sir Arnold Wilson and, later, the Beveridge Report, had indicated the desirability of nationalising industrial insurance, in order to reduce unnecessary overheads by removing the excessive, and sometimes socially harmful, competition of the insurance agents. But even more important to the Socialist was the role the big insurance companies play as investors, particularly on the gilt-edge market. State ownership of insurance, it was argued, would bring with it at least a measure of State control of "the City."

With these two arguments to support them, it was not surprising that the Labour Party Executive last year decided to include the socialisation of industrial insurance in *Labour Believes in Britain*. What was surprising was that the proposal took the form of outright purchase by the State of "The Pearl and The Pru" and the other main companies dealing in industrial insurance. This, of course, was a far more ambitious proposal than the mere socialisation of industrial insurance. Apparently the Party Executive believed that it was impossible to "hive off" industrial insurance from the other activities of the companies, and it may well have been influenced by the discovery of its error in nationalising the coalmines, while leaving the chief by-products in private hands, and imposing on the industry a highly centralised authority. In nationalising insurance,

the Executive seemed to intend to follow the precedent set in the Steel Bill, where, instead of keeping to a narrow definition of "steel," the Government decided to take over the main steel-producing companies, along with all their auxiliary assets, leaving their structure almost untouched.

During the course of last year, however, a number of serious difficulties were discovered in the first draft of the nationalisation plan.

1. In an attempt to placate the insurance agents, who might otherwise have proved formidable antagonists in the election, assurances were given that none of them would lose by State ownership. This meant that the immediate cuts in overheads—the chief advantage to the policy-holder of nationalisation—were ruled out. Economies could only be effected as the result of the high wastage in the industry, as agents voluntarily retired.

2. It was realised that outright purchase of the main companies dealing in industrial insurance would make the Government part owner of numerous companies and assets inside and outside Britain, and it seemed at least doubtful whether the personnel was available to deal with such a problem. Moreover, the prosperity of the insurance companies has depended very largely in the past on their extremely skilled, and sometimes risky, investment policy. Would it be possible for the directors of a nationalised insurance system, well aware that any losses incurred would expose them to press and Parliamentary attacks, to evolve an equally profitable investment policy?

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If they didn't, the result would be a decline in the bonuses to policy-holders.

3. It soon became clear that the Co-operative Movement was not over-enthusiastic about a plan which involved the nationalisation of the Co-operative Insurance Society. It was not only that "the Co-ops" resented the loss of an asset. They could legitimately complain that, in selecting nationalisation as the method for socialising insurance, the Labour Party was assuming that State ownership and Socialism are synonymous terms. In the Co-operative view, this was a dangerously one-sided assumption: there are a variety of means to Socialism, of which State ownership is only one; distributive and productive Co-operatives and municipal Socialism are other forms which, in the view of the Co-operative Movement, should not be excluded.

4. Finally, it was argued very strongly by the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer that the outright nationalisation of "The Pearl and The Pru" might have a serious, if indirect, effect on the dollar-earning capacities of British insurance in general. In the period after devaluation, this argument, not unnaturally, weighed very heavily indeed with the members of the Cabinet who are also members of the Party Executive.

Taken together, these four objections to outright nationalisation were extremely formidable, and it is not surprising that the Executive decided to modify the plan, and to substitute the formula of "mutualisation" for that of "nationalisation."

No details have yet been given of the precise form which "mutualisation" will take, and I should expect that some time will elapse before the proposal is put before the House of Commons in the form of a Bill. But it is already

clear that "mutualisation" not only avoids offence to the Co-operative Movement, but largely meets the other three objections. Put in its simplest terms, the new policy means substituting State control for State ownership. Everything will depend not only on the precise powers given to the Board which it is proposed to charge with the responsibility of seeing that insurance is "mutualised," but even more on the quality of the individuals appointed to it.

It is well-known, on the one hand, that the present "Mutual Societies" are by no means always more efficient and more successful in reducing their overheads than the "profit-making" companies, and, on the other, that the amount paid out in dividends by the "profit-making" companies, which include the Co-operative Insurance Society, is a tiny proportion of their annual turn-over. It cannot, therefore, be expected that, by "taking the profits out of insurance," the Labour Party will give any very large benefit to policy-holders. Nor is it suggested that the aim is to bring the practices of "bad," profit-making companies into line with those of "good" Mutual Societies. Indeed, the purpose of the Control Board will obviously, from the point of view of the policy-holder, be to remove the abuses noted by Sir Arnold Wilson and Lord Beveridge, whether they occur in a "mutual" or a "profit-making" Society.

From the Socialist point of view, the crucial question will be the power given to the Board to regulate the investment policy of the companies under its control. If that power turns out to be negligible, "mutualisation" will be the most modest of reforms. If the powers are large, then "mutualisation" will be an important advance towards the Socialist planned economy.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN.

"MUTUALISATION" OF INSURANCE

2. THE BUSINESS ANSWER

By SIR FRANK MORGAN, M.C.

THE substitution of "mutualisation" for "nationalisation" to describe the Labour Party's policy for the industrial assurance offices undoubtedly arose from a desire to placate the widespread misgivings provoked by the original proposals for complete State ownership and control. Policyholders looked askance at the prospect that the funds built up out of their premiums and held in reserve to meet claims as they fell due should become available to finance the economic adventures of the Labour Government. Moreover, State boards had not achieved any very notable reputation for working at a profit and, since profits normally provide appreciable and welcome additions to policyholders' benefits, apprehensions that bonuses would suffer were hardly surprising.

Another potent factor in the opposition to the original proposal for nationalisation was the substantial contribution made by British insurance as a whole to earnings of foreign, and particularly of dollar, currencies. Although the companies responsible for the bulk of these earnings were not immediately threatened, it became very clear from numerous experiences of overseas representatives that any invasion of the field of British insurance by the principle of nationalisation would act as a strong deterrent to potential clients. And waning confidence in the continuing independence of the vast structure of British insurance overseas would mean heavy losses of much-needed dollars and other hard currencies.

Further opposition came from the staffs of the threatened companies, and the majority of the unions concerned

made it quite clear to Transport House that their members cherished no ambition to become State employees. Thus the Labour Party found its policy attacked on all sides, and it was to conciliate this influential and hostile climate of opinion that revised proposals were drawn up and offered to the electorate in a pamphlet somewhat pretentiously entitled *The Future of Industrial Assurance*. It is to this document that we must turn if we wish to discover how far the Labour Party planners have changed their mind.

Superficially, the answer should be clear enough. A mutual office—that is to say an office owned by the policyholders—is no new concept in insurance. Many existing institutions are run on a mutual basis, and each of them is an independent corporation controlling its own affairs in a similar manner to a proprietary company. The use of the word "mutualisation" to describe Labour's new policy suggests that this is the kind of institution which the authors of *The Future of Industrial Assurance* have in mind. In actual fact, nothing could be further from the truth.

The most cursory perusal of the proposals makes it clear that self-governing independent corporations are the last thing that the Labour Party intends for the industry. Their conception of a mutual life assurance society bears no more relation to the real meaning of the term than does a Russian diplomat's idea of democracy to the form of government enjoyed by Britain or the United States. While making much verbal play with the principle of mutual ownership, they declare their intention to establish an Industrial Assurance Board with power

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to effect amalgamations of offices and to "ensure that the boards of directors of the individual offices are effectively manned"—which, if it means anything at all, means that the Industrial Assurance Board would have the power to appoint the directors of the individual offices.

It is thus clear that the plan provides for an over-riding control to be vested in the State Board, which would be a policy-making body for the whole industry. The "effective manning" of the individual Boards would be the means of ensuring that the policy of the central authority was implemented at the executive level. Any claim that the new scheme represents a real change of mind on the part of the Labour Party is sheer nonsense.

In these circumstances the statement by the authors of *The Future of Industrial Assurance* that there would be "no State control over the investment policy of the concerns" becomes meaningless. A board of directors which has been either appointed or rigorously "vetted" by a higher authority would have about as much independence as a satellite State behind the Iron Curtain. At present, investment policy is invariably governed by a desire to obtain the maximum benefit for the policyholder consistent with the security of the invested monies. Pursuit of this principle has led to the development of a system of scientific finance which knows nothing of political considerations. To-day, with economics and politics drawing closer together than they have ever been in the past, it would be idle to pretend that the investment policy of nationalised industries can remain unaffected by the political aims of the Government of the day. It is explicitly claimed that industrial assurance would not fall within the category of a nationalised industry and that the management of

the £1,300,000,000 funds held by the institutions concerned would therefore lie outside the ambit of "discriminating" State control. But this assertion is contradicted not only by the proposed set-up for the industry but by the promise made in the booklet that the State would guarantee all existing policies. Responsibility for liabilities without control of assets is quite inconceivable.

Another claim made by the Labour Party is that mutualisation would in the long run mean larger profits for policyholders. As is well known, the bulk of the profits of a life assurance company are normally distributed among the policyholders in the form of bonus additions to their sums assured, the shareholders taking only a relatively small part of the profits. The Labour Party's proposals imply that, instead of receiving a dividend, the shareholders would be paid a fixed interest charge which would, of course, come out of the assurance fund in the same manner as the dividends have always come in the past. Except in the very unlikely event of the business continuing to expand under State control, it is difficult to see how the policyholders could possibly benefit from this change. Indeed, a fixed interest charge would far more probably become an increasing burden, for many of the proposals seem to aim rather at the slow strangulation of industrial assurance than at its development.

But a further burden is involved in the proposals. The Labour Party has accepted the principle of compensating insurance shareholders, although it has been reticent as to the exact manner of doing so. The vast majority of the existing shareholders have bought their shares at prices which were either equal to or greater than their present-day market values. In accordance with earlier precedents in nationalisation,

fixed interest-bearing stock would presumably be issued to the shareholders of an amount approximately equivalent to the market value of the existing shares. Sooner or later the capital value of this stock must be met—from where? Unless it were proposed to draw upon public monies—a course which would hardly commend itself to any section of opinion—the only possible answer would be: from the assurance funds themselves. To meet such an eventuality a sinking fund would have to be set up and it can easily be seen that the transfer of ownership, so far from increasing the benefits available to policyholders, would be more likely to bring about a reduction.

But apart from the complex questions involved in the compensation of shareholders, is there anyone who seriously believes that the profits of an industry placed under the general direction of a State Board could equal, let alone exceed, the profits of the same industry under private enterprise? We have already considered the probable effects of the Labour Party plan upon investment policy. Since a substantial part of the profits of an assurance company come from the interest yields secured on the reserve funds, a fall in profits from that source could be confidently prophesied. But the Labour Party have made great play with the subject of the expenses which are incurred in the transaction of industrial assurance. As is widely known, these expenses consist very largely in the remuneration of the considerable number of collectors who are essential for the conduct of the business. Industrial assurance, by providing an annual net addition to national savings of around £45,000,000, is making an invaluable contribution to the economic welfare of the country. This is acknowledged by all parties. But in order to collect the weekly or monthly

premiums it is absolutely vital that collectors should visit the homes of the policyholders.

For a long time it was supposed by some sections of opinion with little practical knowledge and little understanding of the mode of life of the British working classes that the services of collectors might be dispensed with. Now, however, this argument is seldom heard. Few people are unaware that the majority of working-class housewives plan their expenditure on the basis of a weekly budget and that short of compulsion—which nobody wants—only a personal call by the collector will ensure that premiums are kept up to date. The acceptance of these facts by the Labour Party is so complete that in *The Future of Industrial Assurance* they have repeatedly affirmed their intention to retain the services of the agency staffs. In so doing they are simply acknowledging the inevitable. But how, it may be asked, is it proposed to cut expenses now that the necessity for maintaining a collecting service has been accepted? The Labour Party has fallen over itself to assure the agency staffs that no-one would suffer from the change and that, indeed, conditions of work would improve. They talk vaguely of reducing the total number of collectors, by controlling recruitment and effecting amalgamations between offices. But even so, it has nowhere been suggested that expenses can be reduced materially below the level achieved by the larger offices at the present time.

The great fallacy of *The Future of Industrial Assurance* lies in its attempt to promise too many things and to placate too many sections of opinion simultaneously. It announces a general policy of mutual ownership by the policyholders; yet this is forthwith cancelled by the proposal to create an Industrial Assurance Board with power

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to supervise appointments to individual boards and to arrange for amalgamation of offices. It disowns any intention of controlling the investment of funds and then nullifies the disclaimer by these very powers which it would vest in the central authority and by another equally clear indication of intended State control—the promise of a State guarantee for all policies! It holds out prospects of larger bonuses for policyholders, although the just and equitable claims of the existing shareholders, for whom fair compensation is promised, and the other "reorganisation" plans, negative the prospect of either a larger cake, or of larger slices for the policyholders. It proposes to reduce expenses, but its effusive assurances to the existing staffs constitute a tacit admission that the present level of expense offers little scope for reduction other than may be achieved equally well under the existing system by dint of wise and vigilant management.

The aggregate effect of these contradictions is to reveal the basis of practical inexperience and political expediency upon which the proposals contained in *The Future of Industrial Assurance* have been constructed. The label of "mutualisation" which has been adopted for this policy is little more than an empty sham. The mere existence of an Industrial Assurance Board with wide, ill-defined powers, which include the right to wipe any individual concern out of existence by amalgamation with a larger body, makes nonsense of the suggestion voiced in some quarters that Labour's aim is to create "policyholders' democracies." In fact, the proposals as they stand amount to nothing more than the original policy of nationalisation plus an overtone of mutual ownership to beguile policyholders coupled with elaborate promises for the protection of staff interests to placate the opposition

of the unions. It is all too apparent that *The Future of Industrial Assurance* was compiled primarily as a vote-catching document.

With this inescapable conclusion before us we may ask: To what purpose, and for whose good, has the Labour Party decided to interfere with industrial assurance? The industrial life offices exist to bring the benefits of life assurance to the wage-earner. Will he be better off by the proposed change? We have already seen the improbability of such an outcome. Will the community as a whole benefit? In spite of a few wild and unsupported accusations no knowledgeable person has seriously accused the offices of pursuing financial policies inimical to the public interest; while their ready co-operation with Government financial policy in times of emergency or crisis has been willingly acknowledged in all quarters. Why, then, this pointless but implacable desire to disrupt a flourishing industry regardless of the inevitable reactions in overseas countries where the earnings of British insurance make so valuable a contribution to the national economy?

The answer plainly lies in the Socialist passion for concentrating power at the centre and for bringing every form of economic and social activity under the direct control of a small élite of super- mandarins. The dispersion of power and the delegation of responsibility are anathema to the Socialist mind. The industrial life offices, with the large funds which they hold in trust for tens of millions of policyholders, have proved too tempting a bait for the power-hungry politicians of Transport House. And there can be no doubt that the taking-over of these offices, with their extensive ordinary life, fire and accident insurance business, would be only a first step towards taking over the whole of British insurance.

FRANK W. MORGAN.

THE PAST AND FUTURE OF JERUSALEM

By SIR WILLIAM FITZGERALD

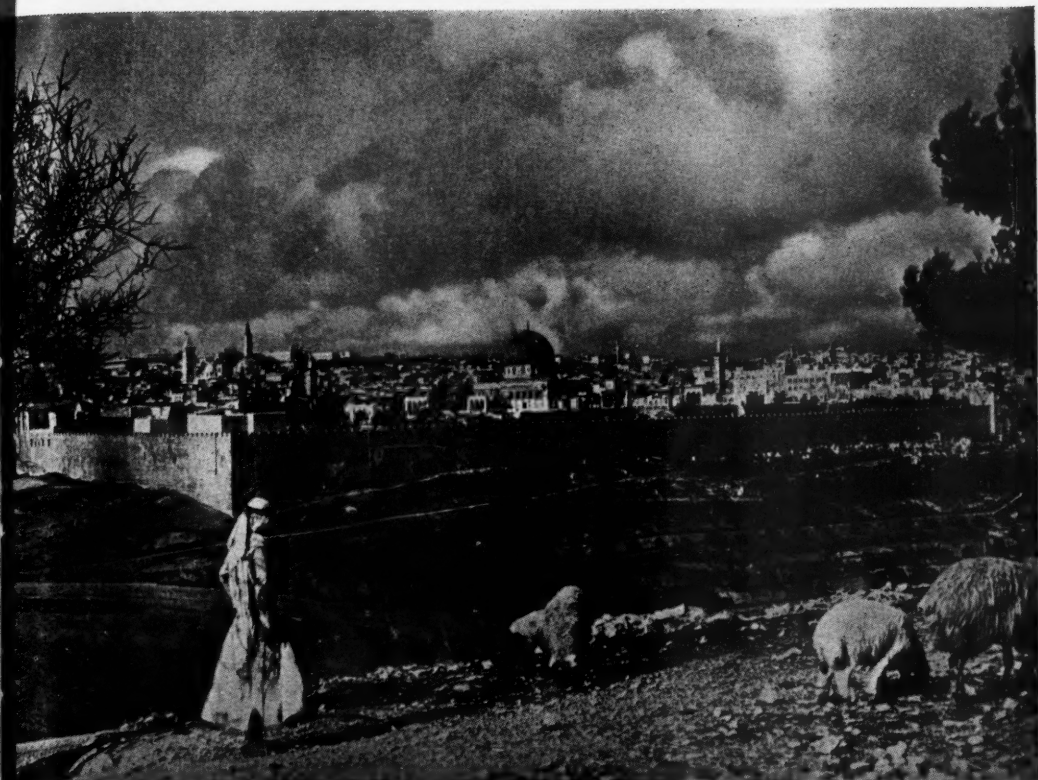
JERUSALEM! What emotions mere mention of the name arouses. The Temple of Solomon, Golgotha, the Mosque al Aksa, the Dome of the Rock, and all that they mean to a civilisation threatened with an avalanche, lie within its walls. The issue of its future status is now before the Supreme Council of the United Nations, and we are faced with the question: is the strength of Western civilisation to be dissipated in a sordid squabble over questions of national sovereignty and national prestige as defined by earthly standards, or shall Jerusalem become a spiritual sanctuary, the establishment of which strengthens the claims of Christian civilisation to defend its inheritance? That is the question that confronts those of us who plead for the internationalisation of Jerusalem.

In the debate in the House of Lords in 1945 the Archbishop of York emphasised the fallacy, common as he pointed out, of discussing the question merely as if it were a problem which concerned only the Jews and the Moslems. *The Times*, in a leading article of characteristic objectivity and moderation, warned that the Jerusalem of history belongs to humanity in general rather than to the modern States of Israel and Jordan. The case for internationalisation rests largely on history, and it cannot be properly appreciated without an acquaintance with that history. Events, accepted by many as being outside human agency, happened there that cannot be

undone, and they must for ever dominate the scene.

For the Jews it will remain the holiest spot on earth. Here David established his Kingdom and moulded the tribes into a nation. Here Solomon built the Temple, the western wall of which exists to this very day. Their feeling for it was intensified by the destruction of the magnificent edifice by Nebuchadnezzar. It was again destroyed in turn by the Persians, Alexander of Macedon, Ptolemy of Egypt and Antiochus of Syria. Each time it was rebuilt with an intensity of feeling that in our day can only be properly appreciated by those men and women of the Pas de Calais who have seen their churches and homes destroyed three times in less than a century by the traditional enemy. Then came the Maccabean era, the Renaissance of Judaism. Hopes were high that the days of invasion and captivity were over and that the Jews were secure in their land. It lasted but a century, for Jerusalem was captured by the Roman General Pompey. There followed another uneasy hundred years of resentment and rebellion.

The end came in 70 A.D. when the city fell to Titus. The Jews were scattered, the Diaspora created. The Temple was burned to the ground; the stones of what is now known as the Wailing Wall were all that escaped the flames. The psalm of the Babylonian captivity, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning",



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received a new mystical significance. It fired Bar Cochba to rebellion. He was easily defeated by Julius Servus, fresh from his victorious campaign in Britain. The price paid for that defeat was the command of Hadrian that Jerusalem should be razed to the ground and a new Roman Colony named Aelia Capitolina erected on the site. So passed the Jerusalem of the Jews.

It was during the Roman occupation that the event happened which 2,000 years of history has been unable to dim. For some 700 million Christians the City enshrines imperishable memories, no less real to-day than they were nearly 2,000 years ago. The acceptance of Christianity by the Roman Empire had far-reaching effects on Jerusalem. Ever since the promulgation in 313 A.D. of the Edict of Milan guaranteeing religious freedom, the City has in a sense been internationalised. Immediately, numerous churches were

erected by the Christian Powers. That early Christian exercise of devotion known as the Pilgrimage was instituted. Hospices were founded by different countries to house their nationals. In these hospices the traditions and manners of the founder country held sway. The head of the hospice settled disputes between his nationals, and gradually there grew up, and was accepted, a type of what to-day we would term extra-territoriality. In no other city of those times were foreigners accorded the privileges they enjoyed in Jerusalem. The Pilgrim of Bordeaux, whose name remains unknown, has left a fascinating account of the international comity that prevailed in the Holy City when he visited it in 333 A.D. In 335 the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre was dedicated with great solemnity in the presence of over 300 Bishops.

One might well ask in how many

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cities of Europe to-day could the religious leaders from different countries assemble to bear witness to their faith? These were times of violence when the Roman Empire was tottering to its close; yet those diverse communities, many of them at war with each other in Europe, could establish a *modus vivendi* in Jerusalem. The explanation is that Jerusalem was by common consent accorded a neutral status where national rivalries were stilled in the presence of a more fundamental issue. The rule of Jerusalem was the rule of the Patriarch; the law of the Patriarch was the Canon Law, the basis of which was international, since it was common to Western civilisation. But the years were now approaching when this generally accepted status was to be put to a severe test.

The 7th century witnessed that phenomenon of history—the rise of Islam. The first advance was to swamp Antioch, Damascus, and the outposts of the Byzantine Empire. In a few years the wave of conquest was to lash the shores of Europe, sweep over the Pyrenees, to be halted only at Tours, and to leave in its ebb, as a legacy to Western inspiration, the graceful Alhambra of Granada. Jerusalem fell to Omar in 637 A.D. But even in this wild rush of conquest, at a time when the victors sought to supersede the faith which made Jerusalem sacred, this new all-powerful force in Arabia recognised that Jerusalem was not as other cities. As an act of respect, the Caliph came himself from Mecca to receive the capitulation from the Patriarch. Like another great conqueror in our own times, he entered the City on foot. The lives, churches and property of the Christians were spared, and they were confirmed in their special privileges. In an age of religious intolerance, Moslem and Christian lived in amity in this unique City.

When this peculiar status was threatened in the 11th century by the Seljuk Turks, so intense was the indignation that it gave birth to the only effective League of Nations that Europe has ever known. Pope Urban and Peter the Hermit aroused kings and people to the Crusades, not on the issue of the Christian religion against the Muslim, but on the threat to the status of Jerusalem which guaranteed to the Christians access to the Holy Places. For nearly 300 years all Europe fought for this principle. When a claim for sovereignty is now based on the recent defence of the City by Jew or Arab, it will not, I trust, be taken as irreverent to those lives recently so nobly laid down for an ideal to point out that Western Christianity probably lost one hundred times the amount of blood and treasure to defend the principle for which we now plead.

The history of the Crusades moreover has a warning which it might be well for Jew and Arab to heed. The Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem failed when the noble conception of it by Godfrey de Bouillon as an international centre, where there should be no King but only a Protector of the interests of all people, was abandoned. In the early days that conception was fully acquiesced in by the surrounding intensely aggressive nations and tribes. It is, I think, clear that even Saladin would have accepted it. It was when Baldwin and his successors, particularly that worthless fop Guy de Lusignan, turned Jerusalem into a purely secular feudal kingdom that it met with disaster at the Horns of Hattin. Even then it is reasonable to speculate that the victorious Sultan would have been prepared to come to terms on the question of a joint Christian-Muslim control of the Cities of Jerusalem and Bethlehem.

It is true that during the centuries that followed Western interest in Jeru-

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salem waned. The Christian Powers were overwhelmed with other struggles. It was the age of the building up and consolidation of the kingdoms; it was an age of concentration on the renaissance. After the renaissance, came the religious wars which precluded any concerted action on the part of the European Powers. Nevertheless, the Holy Places in the custodianship of such diverse authorities as the Greek Orthodox Church, the Armenian Patriarchate and the Franciscans of Italy, preserved an international atmosphere which was even tolerated by that virile Turkish tribe which in the 16th century broke out from Anatolia to found the amazing Ottoman Empire.

In the 19th century, when Europe settled down after the Napoleonic wars, the Powers again took an interest in Jerusalem. Self-contained colonies, claiming privileges which were enlarged in proportion as the power of the Sublime Porte weakened, were established. There was the Greek Colony, the German Colony, and the Russian compound. France and Italy could claim cultural and financial interests in the elaborate buildings, churches, hospitals and schools they erected. An English Consulate was founded. The existence of all those institutions in Jerusalem caused Turkish control to become very loose. It is interesting to observe that the Pasha of Jerusalem, unlike the Pashas of the much larger cities such as Damascus, Antioch, Beirut, was not subject to the jurisdiction of the Vilayet but was responsible direct to Constantinople, for the reason that the government of Jerusalem was more an international than a local affair, and as such it came within the purview of the Minister for Foreign Affairs. Indeed, so much had the City become an international centre that the Crimean War, the major international conflict of the 19th century

after the peace of Vienna, had its origin in a dispute concerned with the jurisdiction of Russia in connection with the Holy Places in the City. Under the Treaty of Paris signed at its close in 1855, the Signatory Powers undertook to maintain the *status quo* as prescribed by Abdul Majid before the war. So the situation remained until the Turks made their unnatural and fatal alliance with Germany, which culminated in the British Mandate for Palestine.

The terms of that Mandate are well known. It created an international and moral obligation to establish a National Home for the Jews. It definitely implied another international and moral obligation not so well known or so forcibly stressed—to preserve the rights and claims in connection with the Holy Places; and it enjoined that a Special Commission to this end should be appointed and approved by the Council of the League. From the debates and discussions that took place at the time it is reasonable to assume that the League contemplated that ultimately Jerusalem would become an international enclave.

The Mandatory soon learnt the lesson stressed by so many years of history—that this City, steeped in tradition and riddled with claims of privilege, could not be satisfactorily administered by any one Sovereign State. In 1937 the Peel Commission declared that the Partition of Palestine was subject to the over-riding necessity of keeping the sanctity of Jerusalem and Bethlehem inviolate as a sacred trust of civilisation, and it recommended an international enclave extending from the North of Jerusalem to the South of Bethlehem. The Anglo-American Joint Commission recommended a similar enclave. It is a matter for regret that the new State of Israel feels it its duty to reject such a weight of world opinion. To those who desire to make

Jerusalem a sanctuary, it would be of no less regret if either side were to regard the international enclave as a *terra irredenta*. A final effort is therefore called for to reconcile conflicting claims.

In a report on the local administration of Jerusalem in 1944, I pointed out that the new Jerusalem which had grown up outside the old city walls lent itself geographically to be divided into two boroughs with clearly defined boundaries, each with a different outlook on life, with different aspirations and interests, the one Arab, the other Jewish, and I drew the dividing line which was generally accepted by both parties. Even if the United Nations concedes the Israeli point of view,

could we not hope that a plan to internationalise the Old City together with the Arab part of the New City would find general acceptance. It is a safe conjecture that the Western-minded Arabs who built the Arab part of the new Jerusalem, would prefer international control to being made subject to what they would regard as the somewhat primitive administration of Jordan.

In any case the times call, and call urgently, for an international enclave of Jerusalem. The verdict of history so convincingly recorded, cannot be lightly disregarded.

WILLIAM FITZGERALD.

COLOUR BAR AND COMMONWEALTH A SOUTH AFRICAN VIEWPOINT

By LAURENCE GANDAR

FOR the moment, the sound and the fury occasioned by the Seretse Khama episode have passed. But the occasional rumblings still to be heard in Britain, in Africa and in other parts of the colonial Empire would seem to indicate that the weather is still unsettled, with a distinct possibility of further storms.

In the present lull, however, one important aspect of this episode presents itself urgently for attention. It is the fact—now thrown so quickly and so sharply into relief—that the divergence in racial policies and outlooks

among the various member nations of the Commonwealth has become disturbingly wide. And since there is no more fundamental issue than race relations in such a multi-racial grouping of nations, nor one that arouses more powerful emotions, it follows that this divergence is a danger to Commonwealth stability. Already there is an open breach between the two Indian Dominions and South Africa on the position of the Indian minority in the Union. There is growing mistrust between Britain and the white communities in Africa over race relations

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there (a matter which, it is reported, Sir Godfrey Huggins, Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, took up strongly with the British Government during his recent visit here). And finally, the "whites only" policy of Australia is being called increasingly into question as the neighbouring Asiatic countries emerge to full nationhood.

To the extent, therefore, that Commonwealth attention has been drawn to the forbidding problem of colour relations and constructive thought provoked upon them, the melancholy affair of Seretse Khama will not be without its hopeful aspects. Certainly it has personalised the colour problem far more effectively than any abstract discussion of principle could have done. But that which fires the imagination does not always illuminate the intellect, and the level of comment, in Parliament and in the Press, has not always been of a high order.

Perhaps this is not altogether surprising. The problem of race relations is diabolically complex, as only those who have lived in close contact with it fully realise. It is intangible, because it is subject chiefly to instinctive responses that lie deep in the race minds of whole peoples. It is unmanageable, because it usually arouses hot emotions which overwhelm cold logic. And it is intractable, because it is so much a part of human nature as to be largely impervious to mere administrative action or governmental edict. The British people, however, are far from the scene of such problems and do not therefore concern themselves greatly with the practical difficulties involved. Instead, they tend to consider the colour issue in the Empire solely in relation to the principle that all men are equal in the eyes of God, irrespective of race, colour or creed. This proposition is so well-known and widely quoted as to be almost trite,

and no man will quarrel with it as an ideal, not even the much-maligned Dr. Malan.

Unfortunately, in this less-than-ideal world, a principle does not constitute a policy, and human beings who are at variance do not suddenly live in harmony on being reminded that it is in the best interests of society for each man to love his neighbour. The scientific study of group attitudes—such as the colour bar, or anti-Semitism, or plain class rivalries—is still very young, but what has positively been established is that such attitudes are fiendishly complex and yield only very slowly to treatment.

There is another complicating factor in race relations—namely, a tendency, widespread in Britain, to over-simplify them and to regard racial barriers as arising merely from the different colours of men's skins. It is rarely as simple as that. In point of fact, the colour bar in countries like South Africa is compounded of various social and economic barriers precisely similar to those that exist everywhere in the world, including Britain. If, for example, a coal miner, his face and overalls blackened with dust from the coal face, were to walk into the grill room of a West End hotel, he would undoubtedly be asked politely but firmly to leave, or at least to wash and change his clothing. Would this be a colour bar—white against black? Of course not. It would not even be a matter of snobbery. A stripe-trousered, bowler-hatted City man would be equally resented in the public bar of a dockyard. If he must drink there at all, then custom demands that he should at least use the saloon bar on the other side of the partition. There is nothing unduly sinister in these quaint social distinctions. They merely give expression to the biological phenomenon of gregariousness, that instinct which causes people and animals of like

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species, interests and habits to keep together and to expect others to do the same. There is therefore nothing unduly sinister in the existence of similar distinctions in a country like South Africa. They are sharper merely because the different levels of education, culture and social habit are proportionately wider apart.

So also with economic barriers. Again, examples are prevalent in Britain. All trade unions have erected protective economic barriers for their members against unfair or unrestricted competition. Sometimes these barriers go to absurd lengths. Thus men are often prevented from working as hard as they might wish to do. They may even be prevented from cleaning and oiling their machines in their lunch-hour. It is safe to say also that any great influx of cheap foreign labour that was permitted would paralyse the country in strikes and bring the Government down overnight. And if that labour happened to be negro labour, would that be a colour bar?

In South Africa, the social and economic differences within the community happen to run broadly along racial lines, and they therefore tend to become grouped into one comprehensive bar—a colour bar. In general, this bar is no more wicked and hurtful than the same barriers that exist in other countries. It is only when it affects the marginal fringe of educated, cultured Africans and Indians that it constitutes a pure colour bar, with all its hideous effects. But as there are probably not 50,000 of such people out of a total non-European population of nine millions—or about one-half of one per cent.—it is clearly foolish to view the colour bar as if these marginal hardships were in fact the general rule. It would also be quite unrealistic to expect the social pattern of the country to form itself according

to the experience of a tiny minority of the community. And even if the colour bar could be made adaptable so that the educated and cultured black people merged with the whites while the others did not, it is probable that the hurts and hardships would be even greater in effect. At least everyone knows where he stands at present.

Even where the proportion of educated and cultured black people is much higher than it is in South Africa, much the same attitudes operate. This is apparent in Britain where, although there is no overt colour bar, the bitterness felt by many coloured people testifies to embarrassments and snubs they have suffered here, especially with regard to finding rooms. These embarrassments arise from race attitudes different not in kind to those found in South Africa, but only in a degree proportionate to the far fewer numbers of black people in this country. Yet these coloured people, often enough, are the cream of the non-European populations of the Empire—the students and intellectuals, the sons and daughters of prominent Africans and Indians, diplomatic representatives, business executives and so on. They are a far cry from the simple tribesmen and herd boys who come, in their beads and blankets, to gape and giggle at the traffic in the cities of South Africa, or to dance with shields and kerries in the compounds of the gold mines.

Here is another anomaly. Even among the non-Europeans themselves there are race distinctions, often more harsh and cruel than anything charged against the whites. No people treat the natives in the Union with less consideration and respect than do many of the Indians there; to this the race riots in Durban last year bear frightful witness. Thus, those who are the most vocal in demanding racial equality—the

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Indians—are often the least willing to accord such equality to others—the natives. Even when, for political purposes, some attempt has been made to present a united non-European front in South Africa, the deep differences between the two dark races have been palpable.

All this demonstrates how complex is the structure and the substance of the colour bar. And if there is one thing which irritates the white people of South Africa, Rhodesia and the central African territories, it is the tendency abroad to over-simplify the problems of race, to ignore most of the practical difficulties involved, and to give next to no credit for the efforts made locally towards solving these problems. In this respect much blame must be attached to the Press, which to-day more than ever finds space only for the more sensational happenings in this field without giving counterbalancing space to the slow, unspectacular advances made or even to impartial background reports which can alone give proper perspective to the sensational episodes.

Thus Dr. Malan's policy of *apartheid* (the Afrikaans word for separation) is portrayed as one of vindictive and repressive segregation without any attempt made to understand its purpose and method. For although very many South Africans (including the writer) strongly prefer General Smuts's policy of long-term development of the black races as an integral part of the Union's population, there is nothing intrinsically base or wicked in a policy of separation. It is not even original. The partition of Palestine between Jew and Arab and the splitting of the Indian continent into separate Hindu and Moslem dominions represent somewhat similar solutions to problems of different races living in the same territory. As solutions they may be less than ideal, but

practicable alternatives were not forthcoming.

Nor is there any justification for the widespread belief overseas that South Africa is a veritable hell on earth for the black peoples, that economically they are little better than slaves and that socially they are pariahs. If this were true, it would be strange if these brutally-oppressed folk did not flee into the neighbouring and ostensibly more enlightened British High Commission Territories or Portuguese East Africa.

But in fact the movement is strongly the other way. In addition to the 205,000 natives from these territories who have been admitted under licence to work in South Africa, there are another half million illegal immigrants who have come swarming into the Union. Indeed, many of the restrictions concerning the identity and free movement of natives—regarded with so much suspicion overseas—have become absolutely necessary in the interests of health and good order by virtue of the large influx of these and other natives into the cities. Far more than any unrest at higher colour policies, it is the insufficiency of housing and jobs to cater for this influx into the urban areas—estimated at some two millions in recent years—that has caused such disorders as occurred near Johannesburg recently. These are physical, practical problems which have little to do with colour bars as such.

Yet much more is being done to cope with them than the outside world knows or cares about. Native housing is largely a municipal matter in South Africa; but in the last ten years the central Government has provided grants and loans of over £25 millions for this purpose. Since 1944, Johannesburg has built some 5,000 houses at a cost of over £4 millions and has embarked on a scheme for a further 5,000 houses.

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Durban is going ahead with 3,300 houses as a first instalment of a great native housing project at Umlazi, while most other Union cities have in hand projects of proportional size.

Then take education. There are in South Africa 6,269 schools for natives, coloureds (half-castes) and Indians—more than double the 3,046 for European children (according to official figures for 1948). Altogether some 886,113 non-European children attend school (of whom over half a million receive free school meals), compared with 417,379 European children. At the universities there are at present about 1,200 non-Europeans being trained, of whom about a fifth graduate every year. The South African Native College at Fort Hare in the Cape Province, with its 340 full-time students, is the only non-European university in the whole of the sub-continent; to it come native students from all the other territories outside the Union. It is subsidised by the State on exactly the same basis as the other universities. Nor are the professions closed to black people. Only a few weeks ago a native advocate was admitted by the Supreme Court of the Cape and will practise at Port Elizabeth. At present, something like £7 millions is being spent annually by the Union Government on purely non-European education.

It is true that the sums spent directly on native services do not appear large in terms of the national budget, but it must be borne in mind that the general services of the country, such as justice, posts and telegraphs, police, defence, social services, food subsidies, roads and railways, are shared by the vastly larger non-European section of the population, who, incidentally, contribute little towards the cost of those services. Indeed, almost the entire burden of raising the standard of living and education of nine millions of black

people is being borne by little over two millions of whites of whom, according to the Budget speech made by Mr. Havenga earlier this month, only 323,000 are income tax payers. These relationships show the impossibility, for economic reasons alone, of proceeding at an appreciably faster rate in building up the standards of the black peoples.

There is to-day no thinking South African, of whatever political outlook, who will claim that as much is being done for the native peoples as is humanly possible or who would deny that there are not very many distressing aspects of the Union's colour problem. It is also, alas, true that many individual Europeans behave lamentably towards the non-Europeans. But in general, the white community is fully aware of the desperate need for even harder efforts, clearer thinking and greater imagination in working out a solution to the complex problems of race, a solution which will preserve for white and black alike western standards of living and western traditions of society, a solution which will enable the people of all races to live together and to progress in harmony.

It is at precisely this point that the growing discord between Britain and South Africa has its origins. British Colonial policy can be summarised as governing for the benefit of the indigenous peoples of the Colonies and of raising them as soon as possible to the stage at which they may become self-governing. It is a lofty and selfless policy of guardianship, of temporary authority to be relinquished when the wards, so to speak, come of age. It is implicitly a policy of withdrawal, as it has been in the cases of Burma, Ceylon and India and is soon to be in Nigeria as well. It is thus not a policy which concerns itself with an enduring relationship of white and black.

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This is certainly not South Africa's policy. The European people in the Union, who incidentally compose the one well-established white community of any size in the entire sub-continent of Africa, are there to stay, if they can—a tiny output of western civilisation and standards, barely 2½ million strong, at the southern tip of a vast continent of 150 millions of non-European peoples, most of them at a semi-primitive level of civilisation. Like Britain, South Africa is concerned with steadily raising the mental and material standards of the black races but, unlike Britain, she believes these aims can only be pursued—so far as planning for the future is concerned—under European guidance and control.

Here, then, arises the anomaly of widely divergent policies being followed in territories that adjoin and overlap—the one aimed at black paramountcy, the other at white. And if South Africa is accused of endeavouring to remain blind to the ultimate and inevitable emergence of the black people or of insufficiently assisting in the process of self-realisation, then she replies that this at least is not as harmful as pursuing the process too rapidly. She points to the examples of Burma, where a situation close to anarchy exists; to India, where the two main races are glaring at each other over loaded guns; and to Nigeria, where the imminence of self-determination is not matched by any very firm assurance that it will be wisely exercised.

There is perhaps more than a grain of sense in this viewpoint. Democracy, as all too many examples in history show, is not learned in a single generation, or even two. And even where a core of trained administrators has been provided and a skeletal framework of democracy erected, the main sustaining force that democracy requires—a broadly-based understanding of it and

a deeply-felt popular need for it—will be lacking in the non-white communities for another hundred years and more. Can Britain and the western world really contemplate with sober mind an Africa in which sovereignty has been handed over to the black races at this stage or some close stage of their development? The struggle to contain Communism in the Far and Near East is fierce enough in all conscience, and is in no small danger of being lost.

There are those who claim that it is just because of the Union's colour policy that Communism is the more likely to gain a grip on the non-European population there. They argue that "anti-white-ism" will be a strong rallying call for Communists to make to the black people. There is indeed some point to this argument and the danger is being very seriously considered already. But it is a fact that so far Communism has failed altogether to make any wide appeal to the black peoples of South Africa. It is also a fact that purely negro communities such as are now emerging in parts of Africa sometimes betray despotic and authoritarian tendencies which survive from tribal institutions and which, coupled with the absence of any long, deep-seated tradition of democracy, make them far more likely to fall prey to Communism. It is considerations such as these which make the people of South Africa feel that Britain is sometimes working against her rather than with her in seeking a practicable solution to the supreme problem of race relations in Africa.

This feeling, unfortunately, comes at a time when the Nationalist section of the white community is pressing for a complete break with Britain and the setting up of a republic. And the danger is that if those South Africans whose blood ties cause them to look

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to Britain for that understanding and helpfulness implicit in the relationship between Mother Country and young Dominion find such understanding absent, then they will, for all their loyal sentiments, find themselves less able to oppose the Nationalist calls for a republic. There is also evidence that this concern and bewilderment at British Colonial policy is felt by the other white communities on the sub-continent, particularly in the Rhodesias, Tanganyika and Kenya, where white opinion is steadily moving towards that held by the general body of moderate South Africans.

It would seem, therefore, that the time is now opportune—if it is not in fact overdue—for a re-examination of Commonwealth racial policies by all concerned, and for an attempt to establish some mutual understanding as to where everyone is heading in this vital matter. Otherwise, there is manifest danger that the drift in different directions will continue to an extent that will make co-operation, not only in this matter but in others as well, increasingly difficult.

LAURENCE GANDAR.

VISIONS

Oft, though the same electorate he woos,
E'en the late-sitting suitor stands to lose;
No forfeits e'er redeemed by frolic art,
If once at that poor game he plays his part.
Mark him in speech an optimist professed,
Riding aloft upon some tidal crest,
Of humour sparing, scarce for wit renowned,
Yet passing liberal with the passing pound.
Shall Clement, then, to Clement soon succeed,
Welsh Megan lord it o'er the Scottish Tweed,
A Byers, born, as Whips, to be obeyed,
With alien sellers drive a fruitful trade,
A Morris dance or hop to party claques
And end or mend the entertainments tax,
Over the Foreign Office once again,
As in Gladstonian times, a Granville reign,
While others, not yet marked upon the map,
Emerge to grace each ministerial gap?
Who would not lift his brows, or friend or foe,
And doubt his eyes or ears, such news to know?

HAROLD P. COOKE.

THE GLARING INCONSISTENCIES OF U.S. FOREIGN POLICY

By DENYS SMITH

ONE of the troubles with American Foreign Policy at the moment is that indiscriminating and wholesale attacks upon the State Department and all its works have inevitably led to indiscriminating and wholesale defence. The wild charge of Senator McCarthy that American foreign policy is engineered by communists has blanketed any serious criticism, for to criticise even constructively might give encouragement to the McCarthy type of attack. Yet at no time has constructive criticism and friendly debate of the trends and assumptions of American policy been more necessary. The State Department itself has little time for reflective work. Instead of thinking about broad matters of policy its staff are thinking about how best to dodge the next brickbat.

The goals of American policy are clear enough, and the general way of approaching those goals. The nature and purpose of what Mr. Acheson has called "total diplomacy," the building of areas of strength because the Soviets profit from areas of weakness, was described in some detail last month. But when it comes to the detailed methods of applying general policy in specific instances the American course appears haphazard and contradictory. The best way to tell whether a good recipe is being followed is to look in the oven. The sight is far from appetising. There are a depressing number of spoiled dishes.

Pride of place, if that is the right expression, must be given to the Philippines. Its government has squandered two billion dollars of American aid since the war with little to show for it. The situation at the time of writing, according to best American information, is deteriorating at a shocking pace, and the blame cannot be placed on the shortsightedness of "old-world colonialism." The Government of President Quirino is totally corrupt, incompetent and cowardly. The communist Huks are growing bolder, and Quirino himself stays in Baguio for he would not be safe in Manila. The complete collapse of the Government is possible.

In Persia as in the Philippines there has been a remarkable change for the worse in recent months. Total collapse of the Government, as in the Philippines, is on the cards. American official reports reflect a desperate urgency. The Army cannot be fully trusted and some of its leaders may go over to the Russians in case of trouble. Russia is not expected to move openly, but to rely on the Tudeh, or People's Party, which led the separatist movement in Azerbaijan in 1947.

In Indo-China the United States is gambling on the hope that the Emperor Bao Dai can be made the champion of native nationalism. It would like to deal directly with Bao, instead of dealing partly through the French, in order to increase his prestige. There is incessant grumbling at French poli-

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cies which, it is claimed, make it easier for the communists who follow Ho Chi-Minh to claim that Bao is nothing but a French puppet, an impression which, if it prevailed, would eventually destroy him. At the best the odds in favour of keeping Indo-China for the West are considered to be no more than fifty-fifty.

Indonesia is peculiarly an American responsibility, for the solution adopted there was forced upon the Dutch by American pressure. The government of President Soekarno and Prime Minister Hatta, from whom so much was expected, appears to be substituting a colonialism of Jogjakarta for that of The Hague. Now that the Dutch troops have withdrawn, the sixteen separate states making up the Indonesian Federation are at the mercy of the Jogjakarta army. There is very little left of the federal structure established at The Hague conference with American approval.

Other areas are equally depressing. Burma is in complete chaos. India and Pakistan have improved their mutual relations, but have disappointed American hopes in other ways. Dr. Daniel Thorner, of the University of Pennsylvania, wrote in a recent Foreign Policy Association Bulletin, "the general picture in post-war India is that of the rich getting richer, the middle groups shrinking, and the poor getting relatively, and perhaps absolutely, poorer." The independence of Siam, wedged between Burma and Indo-China, depends upon the doubtful future of those two areas.

There can be little doubt that American post-war policy in Asia has been less successful than American post-war policy in Europe. There is one fairly obvious reason. The United States knew something about Europe, even if only through long years of trying to keep out. But they knew

little about Asia, even though since the turn of the century their policy has been based on an effort to keep in. It is ironic that the precepts of Washington and Jefferson and the Monroe Doctrine of the "closed door" should have led to the one consequence, and the "open door" policy of Secretary of State John Hay should have led to the other.

America had none of the colonial experience, background and tradition of the European powers. Her management of her own Indian problem has been far from successful, as can be deduced from the fact that it is still a problem which organisations such as the Indian Rights Association and the Association on American Indian Affairs try to improve. When nothing is known about a situation there is a natural tendency to try and fit it into some familiar pattern. So on the one hand the United States saw the native peoples all endowed with the more lovable qualities of the early American colonists. On the other hand were the colonial powers—Britain, France, Holland—all possessing the more repulsive characteristics of George III. It was hard at times to decide whether Gandhi should be called the Hindu Washington, or Washington the American Gandhi. An Asiatic or Far Eastern expert was a man who could find sufficient facts to make this picture convincing. If he did not, he was "an old China hand" or something equally moribund and antique. When the McCarthys of the United States seek to prove that communist influence is responsible for the policies which have led to failure in the Far East, they are obviously being foolish. It was unnecessary for the communists to waste their time on any propaganda. A perfectly satisfactory attitude was traditionally engrained in the American mass mind.

Errors of judgment due to false

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assumptions have not been confined to the Far East. It is doubtful if any five years of world history can show such a change as that from the confidence and exaltation which followed victory in 1945 to the precipitous descent into the deep disillusionment of 1950. And it is doubtful whether any comparable period has seen so many good intentions meet with so sorry a reward. The greatest of all these false premises was that Stalin really desired peace and friendship with the "capitalist" world and was a good fellow at heart who would meet confidence with confidence. From this assumption sprang subsidiary errors such as the American failure to accept Mr. Churchill's plan to invade Europe through the Balkans which might have saved the present Russian satellite nations for the free world.

During the debates on Trusteeship before and during the San Francisco Conference, American spokesmen showed great solicitude for "all peoples that aspire to independence." The aspiration, not the condition, was the touchstone. Since then quite a number of peoples whose independence was not aspiration but reality have lost it completely because of the honestly held misconception about Russian intentions. By following too blindly the policy of speeding up full independence in Asia a condition may be encouraged in which independence is completely lost.

In the Philippines the result of complete independence is recognised as being a hopelessly ineffective government. Yet despite the Philippine disappointment the United States have pressed and are pressing for the adoption of the same policy elsewhere in Asia, shutting their eyes to the possibility of the same result. The same kind of mistake seems likely in Libya, which has to be an independent state by 1952 according to an American-inspired United Nations

resolution. There are reassuring signs, however, that in the rest of Africa the United States have seen the amber light. Mr. George McGhee, Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern, South Asian and African Affairs, recently returned from a conference of American diplomats stationed in Africa and confessed with refreshing frankness "there is no comparably large area of the world of which the American people are so uninformed." A knowledge of ignorance is the beginning of wisdom. Mr. McGhee also understood, though he did not accept, the doubts felt by the European colonial powers about American policy. "These powers are fearful of what they regard as an apparent American tendency to give indiscriminate and uncritical support to movements towards self-government or independence without adequate consideration of the experience and resources of the peoples concerned. The administering powers are fearful lest too much encouragement to peoples who are politically immature, and whose economies are still primitive, will result in political and economic chaos. Such a development, they believe, would render grave disservice to the peoples for whose welfare they are responsible and would give rise to a situation which would play directly into the hands of the communists. They feel that they understand the situation better than we, and they are, in many cases, proud of the progress which has been made."

Although in South Asia American policy is to urge the speedy removal of any remaining ties with the European colonising powers, with no regard for the efficiency or stability of the ensuing régimes, in the western world American policy is the exact opposite. The United States is moving to exert greater influence on independent governments and their policies.

American action in Greece is far from typical, but is worth studying as a case history. Greece held free elections last March 5. The strength of the Populist party led by Mr. Constantine Tsaldaris was reduced to 62 seats out of a total of 250, but it was still the largest political party. The King, therefore, following normal Parliamentary practice, asked Mr. Tsaldaris to form a Government. When he failed, the King asked the next largest party, Mr. Sophocles Venizelos and his 56 Liberals, to form a Government. This Mr. Venizelos did, after receiving promises of support from Mr. Tsaldaris. On March 31 the United States Ambassador, Mr. Henry Grady, sent a letter to Mr. Venizelos, in his own name and that of Mr. Paul Porter, head of the Greek ECA Mission. The letter told Mr. Venizelos the Americans expected "that any Greek Government which hopes to continue to receive the aid which they have generously offered will utilise this assistance to the fullest degree." Moreover, "only a stable and efficient Government supported by the people and Parliament" would satisfy the United States. A programme for the type of Government the United States had in mind was laid down, including curtailment of state subsidies, an end to excessive spending, putting state-owned enterprises such as the railways on a self-supporting basis and, generally, greater governmental efficiency. The implication was clear. Mr. Venizelos was being told to get out or Greece would have no more American aid. He accordingly resigned on April 14, and General Plastiras, leader of the third largest party, was asked to form a Government, which he did to American satisfaction.

King Paul, in an interview granted an American correspondent, observed that "to say the least this letter has drawn considerable comment: . . . In

spite of the usual form of address from Ambassador to Prime Minister, it was sent to everybody; not just the Prime Minister, but to Parliament, the newspapers and the public in general."

The American argument is that since the three Greek centre parties had a majority, the Greek people had shown that they wanted a centre or left of centre Government. American influence was merely used to see that the Greek people had the kind of Government for which they voted. The unusual nature of the American action can be appreciated if the same sequence of events is assumed to have taken place elsewhere. The British elections showed that a majority of the voters were opposed to the Government which was formed by Mr. Attlee at the request of the King. Ambassador Douglas, however, has written no letter suggesting it should resign, or that it had better cut down state subsidies, run the nationalised railways at a profit or conduct its affairs (such as growing groundnuts) more efficiently if it expected Marshall Aid to continue.

The Greek King, it was complained, had used his high office to select a Government pleasing to him. But at least that was a more constitutional procedure than for the Ambassador of a friendly Power to do so. It was whispered, moreover, that the King desired to exercise personal power, while Queen Fredericka was going over the head of the American Embassy and writing personal letters to her friend, the ex-Secretary of State, General Marshall. Governments in the past have often declared an Ambassador to be *persona non grata*, but this must be the first time an Ambassador has declared that the head of the Government to which he was accredited was *persona non grata*.

It is now being suggested that a "Greek type" operation is all that

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can save Persia. The policies adopted in Greece and contemplated in Persia may be sound and inevitable and the only way in which strength can be built in those areas sufficient to assure them freedom from Russian aggression. But there is at least an inconsistency between them and the policies adopted in the East. America has used pressure in Greece to secure the kind of government it believed the Greek people wanted, but it has made no such effort in Indonesia, for example. It has in fact used its influence in the Far East to prevent other nations exerting their authority to secure governments favourable to them. It could scarcely be maintained that American pressure, guidance, influence, call it what you will, is *ipso facto* and *a priori* pure and commendable, while the influence of any other Power is impure and imperialistic.

The inconsistency is even more marked

when it is considered that Marshall Aid provided the occasion for interference in Greece. What will happen when the Point Four programme of aid for the Far East gets under way? At present other nations are being urged to divest themselves of the last traces of colonial control. But if Greece is any precedent, circumstances may force the United States themselves to follow the policies they now condemn.

American Foreign Policy appears to have reached a stage at which calm appraisal and reflection is urgently needed. It is unfortunate that at such a time the efforts of American policy makers should be diverted by attacks of the McCarthy type, and that the necessity of defending them against baseless charges should make it well-nigh impossible for well-wishers to warn them against possible blunders.

DENYS SMITH.

A GREAT AMERICAN

By JULES MENKEN

A REMARKABLE book * distils the experience in public life of a remarkable man. The very manner of composition reflects a strong and unusual personality. The content is overwhelmingly Mr. Stimson's; the writing, style and composition are Mr. McGeorge Bundy's, to whom Mr. Stimson expresses profound gratitude "for having made possible this record upon questions which are vital to me and on which I have spent most of my active life." Seldom indeed can a

literary partnership have been less expected or more successful than this joint effort by a statesman of eighty, one of the leading international figures of his time, and a Junior Fellow of Harvard University more than fifty years younger. Every page testifies to Mr. Bundy's brilliance and literary skill; every page testifies also to Mr. Stimson's own extraordinary gifts: to his rare detachment and self-discipline, to his intellectual depth and integrity, to his skill in drawing out the best qualities of his younger collaborator, to his genius for teamwork and leadership. Nor is Mr. Stimson concerned with the past alone; on the contrary,

* *On Active Service in Peace and War.* By Henry L. Stimson and McGeorge Bundy. (New York: Harpers, \$5.00. London: Hutchinson, 25s.)



HENRY L. STIMSON.

Karsh of Ottawa.

the larger significance of his memoirs is highly relevant to tasks and problems still ahead.

Henry Lewis Stimson was born in New York City in 1867, two years after the close of the American Civil War. On both sides he descended almost entirely from forebears of English stock (with a dash of French Huguenot) who had migrated to Massachusetts during the first half of the seventeenth century — middle-class people, energetic, thrifty, and as a rule long-lived. Of his mother, who died after serious illness when he was only eight, Stimson says little. His father was one of the great influences in his life. By turns soldier, banker and leading surgeon, the breadth and force of Professor Stimson's mind expressed themselves in a bent for mathematics and science and in love of the classics and of history; his warmth of character and love of public service appeared in

his devotion to hospital work and in his quotation of "some famous French surgeon who had said that he much preferred the poor for his patients, for God was their paymaster." All these qualities were later to appear again in his son.

Stimson's formal education included four years as an undergraduate at Yale, then not fully embarked on its career as a university, and two post-graduate years at the Harvard Law School, where broader influences included two great philosophers and teachers, William James and Josiah Royce. But Stimson's education as a whole went much deeper than mere institutional and formal learning. In his youth the frontier was still a factor in American life; and Stimson was fortunate enough to encounter it in 1885, when he first visited the American West at a time when Indians were still restive and wild animals still abundant. For more than two decades thereafter he spent a part of almost every year in the mountains and forests of the western Rockies or Canada. He explored, hunted and travelled by horse, foot and canoe. He became (in his own description) "a fair rifleman and canoe-man"; he was at home in forest, prairie or mountains; he learnt to pack his own horses, kill his own game, make his own camp, and cook his own meals. He came into contact with "the simple rough men of the wilderness, both red and white." He witnessed an Indian outbreak in 1887. He came to know the Indian tribe of Blackfeet, and hunted and climbed with their young men. The effect of this experience on his later years was profound. "Not only is self-confidence gained by such a life," he observes,

"but ethical principles tend to become simpler by the impact of the wilderness and by contact with the men who live in it. Moral problems are divested of

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the confusion and complications which civilisation throws around them. Selfishness cannot be easily concealed, and the importance of courage, truthfulness, and frankness is increased."

All these experiences also developed Stimson's self-reliance, resource and independence of mind, sharpened his natural sagacity, and deepened and strengthened his outstanding judgment of men.

Soon after leaving Harvard Stimson began his legal career. He was admitted to the New York Bar and entered the office of Elihu Root, one of the outstanding leaders of American life in the generation before Stimson's. New York seethed with political activity in the early 1890's, and the ardent young Stimson soon threw himself into the fray. During these years also he met Theodore Roosevelt, whom he regarded as "the most commanding natural leader" he ever knew, and who became President in 1901, more than three decades before his distant younger cousin assumed the same office. It was to Theodore Roosevelt that Stimson, then a successful young lawyer, owed his first public position—that of United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York. This post paid a salary less than half the amount Stimson had been earning in private practice; but it carried with it the responsibilities and status enjoyed by the chief law-enforcement officer of the American Federal Government in the most populous and important district in the country, as well as new opportunities created by the resolve of Theodore Roosevelt's Administration to bring to book the giant businesses and corporations which for years past had been mulcting the American people. Stimson's success in this post won golden tributes from those stern judges, his fellow-leaders of the New York Bar, many of whom had opposed him

professionally while in office. In large measure this success flowed from what henceforth became his standard administrative technique—the appointment of a team of younger men, carefully picked for brains, character and public spirit, with whom he shared both labour and achievement, and whom he led brilliantly.

Stimson resigned his post in 1909 after more than three years as District Attorney. A main reason for returning to private practice was, significantly, that he could no longer afford the financial strain of office—a cause which down to our own day has repeatedly deprived the American Government of able and patriotic servants. But he was not to be out of public service for long. As Secretary of War in 1911–13 under President Taft, as Governor-General of the Philippines in 1928–29 under President Coolidge, and throughout the whole period as a leading member of the Republican Party, Stimson was constantly active in public life. His standpoint he himself describes as that of "a progressive Conservative".

In March 1929 Stimson became Secretary of State under President Hoover. Besides the unceasing task of Latin-American relations, three main international problems—war debts, Japanese policy in East Asia, and disarmament—confronted the United States during Stimson's four years in this office. Although in 1929 the international scene was for the moment relatively placid, the underlying factors were unfavourable. Apart from all foreign storm-centres, a fog of isolationism hung over America, and became steadily thicker and more impenetrable. Neither in 1929 nor for more than a decade afterwards were the American people prepared to take a responsible part in the world's affairs. The extent to which Stimson's

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hands were tied in advance only became apparent as events unfolded, but this deep-seated isolationism was to stultify the endeavour to break down the barriers to American co-operation with the rest of the world which was his central effort as Secretary of State.

Some aspects of Stimson's experience at this time are still important. As regards Japan and the Manchurian crisis, his conclusions have won general acceptance. The policy of non-recognition and moral condemnation, however unavoidable in the conditions of the time, he views in retrospect as "wholly inadequate". Responsibility for this failure was general. "In the end the basic deterrent to aggression is the willingness of the nations to take action against the aggressor"; yet "no more than any other nation was the United States prepared for action in 1932." As regards disarmament, Stimson rightly blames the timidity of statesmen then in power for the failure of 1932. "The time has come," he said in another context in November of that year, "when somebody has got to show some guts." In fact, the abdominal vacuum of the democracies persisted—and even increased—for another seven years. As regards the inter-governmental debts left behind after the First World War, Stimson held that, even after three years of the economic blizzard which began in 1929, "the American people, and still more the American Congress, were wholly unprepared to face the economic facts of life. . . . The original and fatal error . . . was the notion that huge, interest-bearing loans made in emergency conditions for emergency purposes could *ever* be repaid by one government to another." (*Italics his.*) Stimson applied this lesson to the post-war reconstruction loans made by the United States under various labels after the Second World War. The

creation of "war debts" during this war had been avoided

"by the wonderful engine of Lend-Lease, but in the post-war period there seemed to be a return to the idea of loans, on the theory that money advanced after victory should be properly repaid. A glance at the experience after World War I confirmed Stimson in his view that this distinction was dangerous nonsense. In very large part the 'war debts' rancorously repudiated after 1931 were debts arising from post-war 'reconstruction'. From any practical standpoint there was no distinction between money used to fight a war and money used to recover from its worst ravages. However impolitic it might be to say it, Stimson was wholly convinced in 1947 that, if the United States wished to avoid later bitter disillusionment, it must make its advances to Europe for post-war reconstruction with the same free hand and the same absence of demand for repayment that characterised the war-time operations of Lend-Lease. America's reward must be in world recovery, and not in small debt payments grinding to an embittering halt after ten or twenty years."

This passage deserves to be noted and remembered.

Stimson became Secretary of War for the second time in July 1940. On one side, the appointment was political; at a crucial moment of history President Franklin Roosevelt was strengthening his Cabinet by adding two eminent Republicans—the other was Colonel Frank Knox, who was appointed Secretary of the Navy. But Stimson was also a tower of strength in his own right. To discern his full contribution, it is true, is not always easy, and for three main reasons. The first is his own modesty and the generosity of spirit with which credit is given to others. In the second place, as he himself points out—and though he is speaking about the General Staff his

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remark applies personally as well—"where there is mutual confidence, there can be decentralisation, and where there is initiative, decentralisation will produce programmes and policies and results which no higher commander need expect to find in his biography." Lastly, the fact that his memoirs are organised largely around subjects and not chronologically tends to minimise the continuing influence in counsel and action—particularly in dark days, and when fundamental decisions had to be taken—of a strong, staunch, fighting spirit like his.

Active war did not come to the United States for a year and a half after Stimson's appointment. For those with insight and foresight, this period of gathering storm must have imposed the hardest strain of all. France had just fallen and Britain stood alone when Stimson took office; the United States "had almost no weapons or troops"; yet he tells us that in Washington that summer "the number of men in the United States Government whose central interest was preparation for war . . . was not very great"; adding that "the basic difficulty was a simple one—the country as a whole was not ready to make any serious sacrifices for national defence." Nevertheless, these peril-filled months when the war could have been lost by indecision or the wrong decisions in fact saw the right decisions taken somehow. In September 1940 the President signed the Selective Service Act which laid the legislative foundation for the necessary American ground and air forces. In March 1941 the passage of the Lend-Lease Act completed another major American legislative achievement of the war. And in August 1941, by a margin of one vote, a bill was passed extending the term of selective service—without which at the time of Pearl Harbour the United

States Army would have been largely disorganised by discharges and plans for discharges. In all these vital measures Stimson played a part directly or indirectly, as he did also in repeatedly urging the President in the direction of stronger action and more forthright leadership.

Once hostilities opened, a wide variety of tasks fell to Stimson's lot. Although the core of the high command in the War Department did not change during the forty-four months of active American participation in the war, the War Department itself was reorganised soon after Pearl Harbour. This measure was required in order to decentralise authority for effective war expansion. On this occasion Stimson's personal intervention was exerted in order to limit change rather than to encourage it. Other major matters which came to him included relations between science and the fighting services (which involved organisational problems on the one hand and the development and improvement of weapons—radar and artillery among them—on the other), anti-submarine operations by land-based aircraft, the intensely complex military and diplomatic problems of the Chinese theatre of war, the administration of conquered territories, and post-war policy towards Germany.

For military strategy as such Stimson had no formal responsibility; that rested with the Combined Chiefs of Staff as regards Anglo-American forces jointly, and with its American counterpart, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, in the case of the United States. Nor was Stimson ever directly concerned in the handling of Pacific strategy. His position and personality, however—and his relations of complete mutual confidence with two Presidents and the other leaders concerned—involved him in two of the outstanding military

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problems of the war. One was the discussion, prolonged over two years, regarding Anglo-American grand strategy in Europe; the other was the atomic bomb. As regards European grand strategy, Stimson was a vigorous proponent of early and massive Anglo-American attack across the English Channel, and his account of this great strategic controversy is essential to proper understanding of one of the most difficult military decisions of the war. Both at the time and in retrospect Stimson perhaps gave too little weight to the arguments for later rather than earlier action—a subject on which Mr. Churchill's memoirs are redressing the balance—but what he writes is characteristically fair and generous in spirit. His final views may be summarised in two comments. One—that “tactical disagreements are inevitable in war”—he advances in another context; but it is obviously applicable here as well. The other concludes his own discussion of this strategic issue against the background of British and American war-time relations as a whole: “The two nations fought a single war, and their quarrels were the quarrels of brothers.” As regards atomic energy, Stimson was directly responsible to the President for the administration of the entire undertaking, and was the President's senior adviser on the military employment of atomic energy. He makes it clear that the decision to use atomic energy was the outcome of the American desire to achieve a Japanese surrender without invading the main islands of Japan—a proceeding which, it was believed, might well involve a million American battle casualties.

What were the ultimate factors entering into Allied victory? Stimson does not discuss that question—though we may be sure that envious and hostile spirits in other lands will seek anxiously

for the answer. Obviously of very great weight were the personalities of American war leaders, about two of whom Stimson, writing from prolonged and intimate knowledge, confirms earlier and less informed opinions. The most important figure of all was, of course, the President. For Roosevelt as a man Stimson had warm affection and regard. About Roosevelt as an administrator he is critical, and sometimes severe. For Roosevelt the war leader he has nothing but praise. “A superb war President—far more so than any other President of our history”—such was Stimson's considered and final judgment. No less warm was his praise for a second figure of the highest importance. “[The] mind [that] guided the grand strategy of our campaigns”, “the finest soldier I have ever known”—in such terms did Stimson pay tribute to General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff of the United States Army, and certainly one of the most remarkable soldiers of history.

Stimson's own position in history is less easy to define. Though an outstanding war leader, his measure is not that of a war leader alone. The strength of his character, the range of his experience, the force and integrity of his mind make him a figure not only important to that past which he looks back on but also to a future to which he has the courage to look forward with frank and searching eyes. More than once in his life he has forced his way to the truth through the dogmas and clichés, the shibboleths and formulas, which prevailed in the world around him and prevented effective and fruitful action. The same strong, independent spirit is more needed than ever in our own world—and as always, it will be most effectively inspired not by preachment or precept, but by example like his own.

JULES MCKEN.

Farm and Garden

IMPRESSIONS ON BARRA

By LADY EVE BALFOUR

IN one of my contributions to *The National Review* last winter, concerning the reclamation of hill land, I wrote of the "re-discovery," by Lord Glentanar, and certain other Highland estate owners, that, following a large-scale re-introduction of cattle to the hills, sheep diseases virtually disappear, herbage improves out of all knowledge, bracken retreats, and the total stock-carrying capacity per acre is very greatly increased.

A recent visit to Barra has provided most convincing evidence that this is indeed a re-discovery, and not something new. On this Island, at the southern tip of the Outer Hebrides, the practice of mixed grazing, and many other traditional agricultural customs, have never been abandoned, and the results of this continuity are very striking.

The Island is one of great beauty, but presents to the would-be cultivator a host of problems. The scenery is mountainous, rocky, and windswept. The rock, even where it does not outcrop, is very near the surface, the overlying soil in many places being only a few inches thick. One side of the Island has a peaty loam soil, much of which is boggy. On the other side the soil is pure crushed-shell sand, very prone to erosion. Like other parts of the Highlands, the indigenous forests of scrub-oak and birch have long ages since been destroyed, and there are only two very small plantations of trees in the whole Island, which is virtually without wind-breaks. Wind is indeed

one of the major problems and, in winter, salt spray reaches much of the cultivatable area.

Despite these many natural obstacles a very high level of husbandry obtains on Barra and its satellite islands, the results of which are impressive. The habit of mixed grazing—cattle, sheep, and ponies—has produced a quality of herbage such as I have never before seen in that type of country. This was particularly striking on the Island of Vatersay (the second in importance in the Barra group) where, despite the usual somewhat boggy conditions, there is no rough or coarse grass. The whole hill-side, whether heather or grass, is uniformly close-grazed. The grass patches are composed of fine, good grasses with a high proportion of yarrow. These patches were intensely green, even at the end of a particularly cold April. On both islands the heather patches are kept so closely cropped by the cattle that they remain tender and palatable to the sheep without the necessity for periodical burning, and nowhere, on either island, could I discover any bracken whatsoever. This good grazing management even included, on the lower slopes, periodical top dressings with seaweed, or with stable or byre dung, and all the livestock I saw looked in excellent condition.

Equally impressive was the excellence of the traditional methods of cultivation still in operation. Up and down the hill sides, wherever there exist a few square yards of ground without

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boulders, these cultivated patches can be seen. The rotation starts with the breaking-up of the natural turf for potatoes, by the method known, for some unexplained reason (perhaps just sarcasm!) as "lazy beds." These are of very clever construction, and admirably suited to the prevailing wet conditions. First a layer of seaweed, several inches thick, is spread on the turf in strips 3 feet wide with a 2-foot space between the strips. These strips are always laid up and down the natural slope. (Occasionally stable and byre dung are used instead of seaweed.) Next, the turf is dug out of the 2-foot intervening spaces and inverted on top of the seaweed along each outside edge of the 3-foot strip. The middle of the strip is then filled up with soil taken from the, by then, de-turfed 2-foot wide intervening spaces. The soil is so thin that this operation may bare these dividing spaces down to the live rock. The whole process produces, when finished, a series of 3-foot wide raised beds consisting of a turf sandwich with a seaweed filling, each of them well drained by a ditch on both sides. In due course, the potatoes are set in these raised beds by being dropped into holes made with a long-handled dibble. There may be as many as three rows of potatoes to each bed.

In the course of the growing season the turf and seaweed sandwich decomposes by a natural composting process and, after the potato harvest, the patch of cultivation is levelled and consists of soil in excellent condition to receive

the next crop, which is usually oats or barley. This is followed by rye-grass for hay, after which the patch is allowed to revert to turf naturally, when it automatically becomes reabsorbed into the general grazing area and is not re-cultivated for a number of years.

This traditional agricultural system, so admirably suited to the Island conditions, is carried out largely by the women. The menfolk have always been, and still are, seamen, and, since the local fishing industry was destroyed, they go, practically straight from school, to the deep-sea fishing fleets or the merchant navy. The long absences from home which this involves have depleted the crofts of much of their man-power, and there has been a tendency in recent years, so I was told, to substitute the easy (but expensive) fertilizer bag for the hard-won (though free) seaweed. Those in responsible positions on the Island assured me that where this has happened a very marked deterioration in the soil, and in the quality of the crops, has already taken place. Under the conditions obtaining on the Island, this is not surprising, and certainly on the sandy side, if the Islanders abandon their traditional methods, it will be at their peril. Only constant application of living organic matter to such soil can avert a dust bowl.

(To be continued)

EVE B. BALFOUR,
*Organising Secretary,
The Soil Association Ltd.*

PAINTINGS AT THE ACADEMY

By MICHAEL JAFFÉ

FOR one evening every year, the Long Gallery at the west end of Burlington House becomes a splendid dining-room. Royal Academicians and their guests sit down to dine surrounded by an imposing selection of paintings chosen for them by their Hanging Committee, paintings destined to adorn London drawing-rooms or the bedrooms of remote country houses, the parlours of Lord Mayors or the studios of Royal Academicians. This year, to grace their famous banquet, they chose a prince among dining-room pictures. Covering a substantial part of the west wall hangs Mr. Augustus John's *grisaille*, *The Little Concert*.

A hundred years ago, when so striking a figure-composition could not have gone in the Catalogue without a dozen lines from the early Shakespeare or the pastoral Milton to embellish its chances with the poetry-loving public of the day, the Royal Academy kept a rule not to show "works which have been already publicly exhibited." The modern public have had a chance already, at the Leicester Galleries, to enjoy this picture, and to admire there the sophisticated elegance of the garland Mr. John has made of those familiar creatures of his who sway to the tune of their idyll in the forefront of a mountain landscape. The Royal Academy has since modified its rule to our gain. They appear also to have relaxed a rule more golden. Mr. John's canvas surely needed to be restretched before it was exhibited.

The Little Concert would always hang well in a dining-room. It is less

clear where the polyptich and the large-scale painting by Mr. Stanley Spencer should hang. They treat elaborately of the Resurrection of the Dead, a theme that has long occupied Mr. Spencer. They are low-toned works, and it is hard to find a comfortable viewpoint for them. Yet some say that they are "just what we want in our churches." Others call them blasphemous, but it is difficult to believe this of paintings so pondered and ponderous. Even in the left "wing" of the polyptich, where young figures are set to dance, the quality of the paint is of the same dead, joyless wool-weave that characterises every part of the work; no line, no brush-stroke dances with the gay abandon of the Devil. In the white goat that leaps in *The Little Concert* there is more of the true caprice of Satan as well as of the dæmonic energy of painting than in the whole manufactory of Mr. Spencer's inflated simpletons. There is indeed little concert, though much invention, in his design. The upper part of his polyptich does preserve a formal balance of tones, whites set off by pale warm colours; there we breathe at ease. But in the large single painting, on the right, the green grass, over-lush, sinks back and back; on the left, the warm colours of the rose wreath come uneasily to meet the eye; and that floral fancy is mocked by a band of roses printed on the dress of the woman nearby. Such is his colour fancy. His anecdotal fancies proliferate over every inch of the paint surface; the kneeling man who brushes the



1. CAFÉ DU CENTRE, MOOMAS

Robin Darwin



2. HARBOUR BAR, LITTLEHAMPTON
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R. O. Dunlop, R.A.



3. "LES GIRLS"
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LES GIRLS

KODIN DARWIN

1. CAFÉ DU CENTRE, PÉCOMAS



Above :

4. THE FROZEN RIVER

*Sir Alfred Munnings,
K.C.V.O., P.P.R.A.*



Left :

5. REYES

Sir Gerald Kelly, P.R.A.

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hollow metal crucifix is of these only the most clumsily poignant. His most tiresome fancy is to make the patterns of hedgerow and of clothes correspond to the little patterns of his brush-strokes. This medieval chronicler would be a better artist working in another medieval medium, tapestry.

Mr. Robin Darwin's *Cafe du Centre, Pégomas* (1)* is a more imaginative work. The interest of this ambitious picture, beyond chronicling a sultry moment, is first that it points the contrast in the range of light between an interior and a courtyard setting; secondly, that it displays a variety of contrasts in temperature, as well as temperament, created by the sunshine or shadow in which the black cat and all the human figures, both enigmatic and blatant, are set. To achieve this is the work of colour. The girl's green dress is a fine piece of painting. So that mother and daughter shall enhance one another, the mother wears the complementary colour; yet, because she stands half in shade, still beyond the curtain, the value of her red is much lower than that of her daughter's green. The consequent colour and value relationship has shown itself awkward to handle. Mr. Darwin forces a second relationship between the red and the green of the tiled floor which mars the interior effect and, at the same time, its relation to the yard outside.

A completely successful picture by this artist, well within his range, is *Rhododendron Wood, Beaufort Castle*. This picture shows what can be done in atmospheric landscape by the sensitive grading of low tones, brightened only by a few dots of local colour—the rhododendrons. Mr. Buhler, by contrast, is unabashedly colourful. His very blue landscapes *Blue Field and Cottages* and *Kale Field, Beaumont*

Quay, cannot be appreciated in monochrome reproduction. "*Encore de la bleuté*" was Cézanne's call; Mr. Buhler, by concentrating blue into the foreground as well as the sky in the former of these two pictures, binds a scene, which empirically we know to recede in planes, into one upright plane—the picture surface. In the latter, the contrary exercise, he introduces tension no less notable; recession is made more emphatic by the blueness of the foreground kale which the eye must adjust to the green middle distance. Mr. Buhler's brush-stroke does not suggest a bold painter; but he is a skilful one.

Praise unstinted should go to Sir Alfred Munnings's snow scene. In *The Frozen River* (4) he handles an attractive subject with distinction of observation and execution. The pale aura which hangs about the distant tree tops; dabs of raw gamboge on the pollard willows, in contrast to delicate glazes on the frozen, snow-covered river; the free direct strokes with the brush loaded white along the bank—these are a few of the individual beauties of a well-composed picture.

The painting of water in its true watery state is one of the hardest tasks given to the painter, but one most proper to the English. Actual water-colour and soaked paper form the most obvious medium for the attempt; and in presenting the grey wetness of a sky no one has succeeded better than Mr. R. V. Pitchforth in his watercolour drawing *Drizzle: Abergavenny*. In oil, Mr. H. Workman has made a competent painting of the tarmac wetness of a London street, *Old Church Street, Chelsea*. But for the painting of sea water and its relation to sky, Mr. R. O. Dunlop's *Harbour Bar, Littlehampton* (2), stands out in the present Exhibition. This picture, unlike some of Mr. Dunlop's, is unspoil by exces-

*This and subsequent bracketed figures refer to reproductions on pages 58 and 59.

PAINTINGS AT THE ACADEMY

sive use of the palette knife. He does not seem to be a fortunate colourist: but here, with a limited palette, he reveals his special qualities. Nothing could be better done than the boats in the foreground, or his management of aerial as well as linear perspective.

The man who shows himself in at least one picture to have a sure colour sense is James Fitton. His highly entertaining gossip-piece, *Les Girls* (3), is more than a coloured caricature. The three primary colours on the poster and the rose pink ground; the hot red roses and the yellow scarf on the mauve dress; the tablecloth and the peacock hues of the left-hand figure; the chocolate maroon on the right—these are elements in his colour composition. Here, one feels, is an artist who knows his own scale.

Last thoughts must go to the new President of the Royal Academy. First for his ability as a portrait painter: *Reyes* (5) may be less exciting and brilliant than Mr. John at his best (*Matthew Smith*, for instance, in this Exhibition); and the drawing of *Reyes's* hands is well below the standard of the picture

as a whole. But the painterly life in the white dress and the intelligent use of the canvas for subtle variegation, the achievement of the modelling of the head and the pose, give the portrait by Sir Gerald Kelly a quality absent from other more spectacular but less worthwhile portraits in the Exhibition.

Secondly, he and his Committee have hung an Exhibition that can please the very varied public who are now intent on buying pictures as well as looking at them. In the actual arrangement the only really distressing mistake was to set up a gilded object in a room full of watercolour drawings. Let us hope that by next year at least one sculptor and one animal painter will have been found; and—for this is the greatest lack in this Exhibition of our great Academy—one painter who will be true to the principles of Academic Drawing and who can respond in paint to all the subtle beauty of human flesh. By the brush of such a painter we might be made to see what our forebears saw; man and woman as the noblest works for art.

MICHAEL JAFFÉ.

RUDYARD KIPLING

By JOHN CONNELL

THERE are few more allusive, more tantalising scraps of autobiography in the English language than Rudyard Kipling's *Something of Myself*. "Something," yes; but offered with such a perplexing mixture of reticence and confession, of irony and good taste and—I believe—sheer love of mystification, that to read it is like reading a rune. Yet this book has to be, in some sense, a starting-point in any study, critical or biographical, of Rudyard Kipling. Here are the clues which, at the end of his long life, Kipling himself chose to offer; here are the facts and the views, the statements and the omissions, by which he sought to be judged; here is that part of his life which he wanted to remember, and by which—his books, his craft, the work of his hands, apart—he wanted to be remembered.

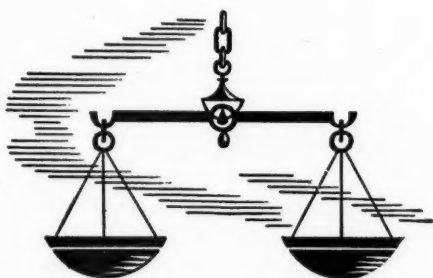
Something of Myself was written in 1935. Kipling died in January, 1936, a few days before his friend, King George V. In the shadow of the greater national bereavement, a stately concourse assembled for Kipling's funeral in Westminster Abbey. It was a ceremony of wintry solemnity. His cousin, Stanley Baldwin, the Prime Minister, was there to mourn and say farewell. The dates, the names, boom out like bells from a distant epoch across a vast gulf. What significance, what living force have they in 1950?

It is, I think, important to recognise that Kipling's reputation as an artist and a craftsman stands higher now, 14 years after his death, than it did in the last 20 years of his life. The Left Wing intelligentsia, in their fusty, frowsty, old-fashioned way, go on sneering at

him; but they were both puzzled and irritated when Mr. T. S. Eliot, in the middle of the last War, published an impressive selection of Kipling's verse and prefaced the selection with a critical essay of remarkable sapience. All the silly little clichés which Bloomsbury voices had fluted, Bloomsbury typewriters had squeaked, for decades past, were revealed as tawdry, ignorant pretentiousness. A major poet considered, as a comprehensible unity, the work of another poet. That essay shattered for ever the worst of the destructive lies about Kipling. It was an honourable achievement, bold, generous and of abiding value.

Others have presented, from various angles, a genuinely constructive critical approach to Kipling, notably Mr. Edward Shanks, Mr. Hilton Brown and Mr. Edmund Wilson. For reasons which it would not be appropriate to discuss here, there has as yet been published no full-length, authoritative biography. Yet even in default of that, it is quite clear that a widespread, intelligent reassessment and appreciation of Kipling's work has been achieved recently. For a long time the disciples of the Other Side contrasted Kipling, to his discredit, with the deities of their own cosmogony—Wells and Shaw, most of all. Wells and Shaw were world-makers, the builders and moulders of a new society, the twin prophets of Progress; while Kipling was a crude, brassy, drum-beating jingo.

The Other Side had a good run for somebody's money. Wells, at the end, rounded snarling on *homo sapiens* whom he had so facilely worshipped and glorified; mankind—in Wells's last



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despairing visions—crawled murkily to extinction through the slime of its own blood. For Progress has turned very sour indeed on its exponents—though they get extremely riled when it is mentioned. Rudyard Kipling as a young man achieved fame and success during the closing years of an epoch whose peacefulness, wealth, security and stability were all of a degree such as humanity has seldom attained before in known history. War-battered, impoverished, menaced by tyranny and barbarism, the English look back at their predecessors of 50 years ago; and their comfort and prosperity seem an impossible dream.

To rebel against this, to want to level it all down, to destroy its smooth running and its smugness was—so argued Kipling's detractors—noble and courageous. It was splendid to be Keir Hardie, or the young Snowden, or the young Shaw, or the ageless Webbs, working zealously to shatter the whole fabric of the Capitalist State. Not to be on their side—not even to be a Liberal—was sinful and absurd. It was to resist the forces of progress.

Kipling, like Henley, his friend and his Editor during some of his most spectacular years, was robust and unequivocal about "Progress." He believed that it would lead the world exactly where it has led the world. He was right and realistic; and the Webbs, Shaw, Wells and the rest of them were, after all, the muddle-headed romantics. Their gospel—not his—has led to forced labour, secret police, censorship, and the steady destruction of every civilised value. That Kipling was prescient enough to be aware of this, and that he said so eloquently and often, were—in the views of progressive persons—two of his major offences.

Rudyard Kipling's writings, outlook and character were moulded by his early years. He was a complete man—

he was neither a finished nor an unchanging writer—by the time he was 24; into that first third of his life had been crammed all his most deeply formative experience. By extraction he was partly solid Yorkshire, partly Celt. There was (and this cannot be reiterated too often) not a drop of Indian blood in him; he was an Anglo-Indian in the old sense, not in the post-1935 sense—he was not, in the faintest, the most remote connection, Eurasian. Both his grandfathers were Wesleyan Ministers. His father was a talented, æsthetic, gracious, scholarly person; his mother was one of four beautiful Macdonald sisters, daughters of the Minister of Wesley's Chapel in City Road—four girls, all of whom made remarkable marriages. Alice, the eldest, married John Lockwood Kipling, Rudyard's father; one married Edward Poynter, another Burne-Jones, and another became Stanley Baldwin's mother.

John Lockwood Kipling was, in 1865, an instructor at the Bombay School of Arts. In Bombay, Kipling lived from his first to his seventh year. This is one layer—and the deeper—of his knowledge of India; the other, more conscious and more brittle, he acquired in his young manhood. These two layers mingle, fuse, sometimes clash, in his stories and his poems. Their complete reconciliation and their full æsthetic expression are in *Kim*, written after he had left India and in constant and close association and discussion with his father.

His childhood and boyhood were characteristic of his class, his type and his time. They included the sun-drenched, swaggering, vernacular-talking babyhood in Bombay; the separation from his parents, over very long stretches of time; the appalling episode in the house in Southsea, described with so terrible a truthfulness in *Baa-Baa Black Sheep* and in *Some-*

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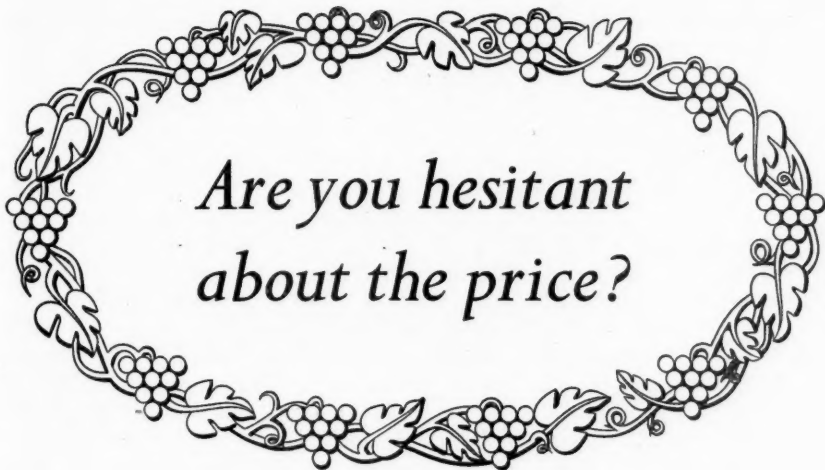
thing of Myself (an experience which can be closely paralleled in the lives of many of us of similar upbringing); holidays with affectionate relations in houses which, however happy, were still not home; a robust and cheerful and not unsuccessful school career; and then comes the twist—not the Army, nor the I.C.S., not medicine or public works or even the Church, but journalism on the staff of a small English newspaper in India. These seven years, from the time he was 17 to the time he was 24, completed the pattern. Much that was to happen to him afterwards, much that he was to suffer and to see, would affect him profoundly; nothing could alter the cast in which his mind and spirit were set.

He lived at home in his Lahore years, because his father was now in charge of the Lahore School of Art and Museum. The influence of his home was at once a salvation and a discipline. Kipling, let us admit it, was born a writer of genius. How this happens is God's mystery and God's gift only; but the use of the gift lies with man—to fritter it away, to deflower, dishonour or destroy it, or to husband it, ripen it and bring it to the service of Him who gave it. In India, Kipling's genius might have mouldered or narrowed; instead, it unfolded swiftly and with extraordinary power. India—an India which in 1950 has, in large measure, passed away—was for many years only to be comprehended by an Englishman on Kipling's terms and with his vision. It is not an impoverished or an unfair vision of India. Story after story, poem after poem, and the *Jungle Books*, are glittering facets; *Kim* is, ah, not the whole India, for that no single book could ever compass, but so wide, so noble, so deeply understanding and penetrating a study, so insistent an evocation of the sight, the sound, the smell, the pulse of India, that it is

imperishable. India of the cantonment, the hill-station, the barrack, the bazaar, of the office and the composing room, of the frontier fort and even of the jungle—all these Indias, all these aspects of India are crystallised in the early writings of this miraculous young man. But *Kim*, which holds all the emotions of all Kipling's experience of India recollected in tranquillity, is something more. I believe *Kim* to be a great book, of the calibre of *David Copperfield* and *Vanity Fair* and *Lord Jim*. A boy reads it in one great gulp of excitement, for every page opens windows on a new, enchanting universe; but a man returns to it, to find in it a great and rather sombre maturity, wisdom, compassion and deep tenderness. If Kipling had written nothing else, for *Kim* he would still—I hold—be memorable.

But, of course, he wrote much else, so much that the easiest of his detractors' gibes has always been at his "facility." He wrote a great deal; therefore he *must* be facile and superficial. His verse (they held) was jingo jingle; to his short stories they conceded the merit of high technical competence, but even that became, in their eyes, a kind of demerit. *Kipling is so infernally readable!*

Well . . . *Proofs of Holy Writ*? A poem called *The Fabulists*? *Dayspring Mishandled*? I believe that Kipling's later writings became steadily more and more "difficult," more and more allusive, not through any perverse or wilful love of perplexing, but because the thought and the inspiration which he sought to mould into words were more and more subtle, recondite and resisting. In his later work, the "easiest" poems or stories are those in which the illumination is most complete and most other-worldly. This in Kipling is the most baffling attribute of all, the most difficult to trap in the terms, or in anything near the terms, of



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contemporary criticism. In an unfashionable phraseology it is possible to say: he had second sight, he was "fey." Again and again there is this sudden, uncanny brush and tremor of the unseen and the unspoken. In the work of no other writer of stature in his time is there a more direct recognition of the numinous. Integrated into and finding its expression in this sibylline (and often highly cryptic) form of utterance is a rigid, unrelenting, Cato-like and conservative outlook on ethics and politics. Glee and glibness, the most blatant defects of the young Kipling, are gone; in their place there is an antique, stern and stoic nobility.

The causes of this transmutation—rather, of this paring down to the bleak essential—lay in the magnitude of his sufferings in middle and later life. He had been badly hurt when he was a small child; as a boy and as a young man he was happy, successful, popular and prosperous. In maturity he was scourged, very near to death. The frightful mishaps and the distasteful family embroilment of his years in Vermont had their tragic sequel—the rhyming of the dark rune—in his return to America, his own illness and his younger daughter's death. From these disasters he emerged, ice-like in visage, self-protective to a fantastic degree, yet determined that neither in his art nor in his life would he be broken. His poems and his prose became formulations of a search—a search which he never abandoned. He who as a child had not had a home now strove to establish two, at opposite ends of the world, in Sussex and in South Africa. The War came, the war of which his second sight had given him the grimmost glimpses; his only son was killed in it, as a subaltern in the Irish Guards. It is in the constant light of these happenings that all Kipling's later work must be seen.

He sought, in deep troubling of the soul, for an answer. Some of his writing was preaching—and very magnificent preaching, too. He was a prophet in a bleak time, and he had no comfortable words to say. The world did not find the public face of Kipling, in his final years, either very attractive or very consoling. Prickly, terse, publicity-rebuking, quirkish, impossible to put into the easy, all-forgiving groove of Grand Old Men, he who when young had taken the world by storm seemed in old age to defy it—sometimes with a laugh, sometimes with a snarl, occasionally with a thunderous rebuke.

The most uncomfortable fact of all about him was that he was right. This was not second sight; it was morality and sound sense. Again and again the prophecy, the trenchant warning, were vindicated. They are still, day after day, month after month, being vindicated, as the planners' plans go awry, as the classroom theories fail to work out like sums in simple subtraction, as "Progress" lurches to the abyss.

Kipling said it, in a poem which bears the date "1919," and across more than thirty years it has not lost a line or a shade of implacable meaning:

As it will be in the future, it was at the birth of Man—

There are only four things certain since Social Progress began:—

That the Dog returns to his Vomit and the Sow returns to her Mire,

And the burnt Fool's bandaged finger goes wabbling back to the Fire;

And that after this is accomplished, and the brave new world begins

When all men are paid for existing and no man must pay for his sins,

As surely as Water will wet us, as surely as Fire will burn,

The Gods of the Copybook Headings with terror and slaughter return!

JOHN CONNELL.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

TOWARDS THE WELFARE STATE

by CHRISTOPHER SYKES

THE best thing that can be said for our Parliamentary system is that it recognises some unpalatable facts: namely that most men are part-knave and part-fool, and must never be entrusted with unchallengeable power. The weakness of most other systems is that they make a few concessions: usually to the vanity of the Head of the State, sometimes to the vanity of an elected chamber by ascribing to its decisions an element of superhuman wisdom. Ours makes no concessions. This fact, the glory of our system, is also its manifest weakness. No one likes being told that he is part-knave, part-fool, and politicians, being but human, must often try to change the structure of Parliament so that it gives instead of withholding absolute authority. It must be recognised that a man with no love of power is not likely to take up politics, and as such he must be in conflict with our safeguards. One day he may break them, which would be a serious thing, but meantime his predicament provides an admirable comedy. D. C. Somervell's record of the last fifty years of it is one of the most delightful and merriest books* ever devoted to the grave theme of national destinies. In spite of numerous inaccuracies and some misjudgments, it would be first-rate if it was not spoilt by the last chapters.

The great event of our half-century, so far as British politics are concerned, is the birth of the Labour Party, and in no part of his book is Mr. Somervell more learned or more amusing than in describing that complicated process.

* *British Politics since 1900.* By D. C. Somervell. Dakers, 15/-.

The position of Sidney and Beatrice Webb in our history is not easy to determine. The dimensions of their influence can be seen to have been enormous, but whether that influence was lasting or not, and whether much of it remains in its original form is by no means certain, and the issue has been unnaturally obscured because the Webbs have been the subject of extravagant comment: people of the Left Wing have ridiculously exaggerated their merits, people of the Right have concentrated unjustly on their last futile venture in Russia. This book contains one of the best accounts available of just what significance the Webbs have for England, and of the strange and unpopular part which they played in forming the modern political power of socialism. The author very rightly takes them as his main authority for the conditions out of which 20th century politics arose.

The book is somewhat disquieting. There is an element of dishonesty and frivolousness about all politics which never makes a record of them jolly reading for persons likely to be involved in their consequences, which means everyone under 90 year of age. In a great essay on the subject of day-dreaming Mr. Desmond MacCarthy said that when meeting people in high and responsible positions, he was often tempted to ask them whether they indulged in the absurd flights of fancy that were habitual with him. This book answers the question with a decided Yes. Ministers of State are just as silly as any of us, and possibly a little more vain.

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with the very outside edges of State power to recognise how great a part little personal matters (as Sherlock Holmes would have called them), play in issues of high national importance. The replacement of Asquith by Lloyd George in December, 1916, is an absurdly famous example. The harsh treatment of Asquith on that occasion is still referred to as a dreadful classic of treachery. Certainly Lloyd George acted with lack of scruple, but the result was not only desirable, but absolutely inevitable, and it is strange that neither Asquith nor his closest friends could ever bring themselves to see that.

Similar in its display of human weakness, but far more influential on our history, was the replacement of the Labour Cabinet of 1931 by a coalition. Mr. Somervell has an anti-Left bias which he does not disguise, and which sometimes leads him into mistakes, but it serves him very well when he exposes Leftist slump legends. When Ramsay MacDonald rightly acknowledged that the situation of 1931 was too critical for the continuance of party politics, the Labour Party, in a mood of unusual exasperation, set on foot a propagandist story to the effect that the poverty then afflicting the world was merely a hoax organised by a few anti-socialist bankers in the City of London who found a brilliant agent in Lady Londonderry. As an absurdity this story can be compared with the Fascist one that the Basques bombed themselves at Guernica to spite Franco, but the oddest thing about it is that unlike the Fascist story it is still believed in progressive circles to-day, and is still taken so seriously that it has effectively debarred from Cabinet office one of the ablest of Labour politicians, Malcolm MacDonald. It would have been not at all extraordinary if Mr. Churchill's succession to Neville Chamberlain had provoked similar madnesses of injured

by Christopher Sykes

vanity, even in the perilous days of 1940, and it is perhaps the strongest proof of his truly national position that his taking office caused no lasting party split of any kind.

The most controversial thing in this controversial book is the author's vigorous defence of Stanley Baldwin. Though he is very convincing, it remains hard to believe that Baldwin should not incur blame for failing to take a strong line over the Rhineland occupation in March, 1936. It is no excuse for a Prime Minister that he disliked foreign affairs so much that, in Mr. Somervell's words, he "brought his mind to bear on them only as a dire necessity and with extreme reluctance." If he really felt like that then he had clearly mistaken his calling. It is true, as Mr. Somervell insists, that strong action by the Government of 1936 would have provoked a powerful socialist-pacifist reaction, but he does not stress sufficiently that the Left Wing were much divided on the question of non-resistance to Fascism (how grotesque such a thing sounds to-day), and determined leadership would have given any Government sufficient support to see the business through. "Wet" leadership could never accomplish anything, and never will be able to.

His account of the Hoare-Laval fiasco and the swindling nature of the preceding call to arms which won the 1935 election, is very kindly to Conservative politicians. The defence fails somewhat here by not stressing the abominable nature of Mussolini's recourse to war in 1935 by which he betrayed one of the great hopes of European civilisation. Perhaps the truth to be seized here, and which Mr. Somervell ignores, is that Mussolini was an irresponsible child, but that, child as he was, he wielded as great powers of destruction as the dark angel of Germany. He divided the Europe which Hitler conquered.

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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Very convincing, but also somewhat unsatisfying is the author's defence of Baldwin's successor, particularly in 1938. He is surely right when he says "Munich should be neither a symbol of shame nor a symbol of glory. It was not 'peace with honour' as Chamberlain so unfortunately called it, nor was it a disgraceful betrayal. It was an avoidance of war on an issue on which the British nation would have been divided and most of the British Dominions definitely hostile." But when he says on the same page "Meantime the rearmament effort was redoubled," the reader is not so impressed. That effort needed multiplying by ten to be deterrent, and the tragedy is that the country was undoubtedly ready after March 1939 to give that effort which was never called for.

There is a brief enjoyable chapter in which homage is paid to Winston Churchill's wartime leadership, but thereafter the book ceases to become a history, and appears to turn into a hastily written party political pamphlet. One point of originality and truth is made in the course of this diminuendo. Mr. Somervell points out that in spite of the fact that Labour representation in the House was small, the Labour Party was given the lion's share in the successive coalitions of the war. In making this point, however, the author underestimates the parts played by others, notably by Lord Woolton and Mr. Eden. The unreadably dull *Memoirs of Stettinius* are very revealing as to the Foreign Secretary's part in the later stages of the war, and (according to much respectable opinion) it was a tragedy that Mr. Churchill did not take his guidance more completely in the conduct of Foreign Affairs. The worst defect of this last part of the book, and typical of its slapdash character, is the absence of any comment on India or Palestine by which not only the Labour

Government but all parties in our politics are likely to be judged by future observers.

CHRISTOPHER SYKES.

JOHN MILTON. Rex Warner. *Max Parrish*. 7s. 6d.

IN this essay on Milton, Mr. Warner endeavours "rather to record enthusiasm than to further scholarship or promote understanding." In short successive chapters on the life, the early poems, the prose, *Paradise Lost*, and the last poems, he outlines Milton's achievements. So modest an intention may be thought scarcely to justify a new book on so awe-inspiring a subject. On the other hand a book on Milton by the author of *The Aerodrome*, that masterpiece of modern English prose style and sensitive invention, should be a literary event of no small importance. In fact, Mr. Warner's essay on Milton is a disappointment. Far from furthering scholarship he ignores it; and as for recording enthusiasm he fails to do more than write in rather imprecise terms of some of his own predilections. The book is woolly and repetitive, faults inexcusable in a book of less than 100 pages. Mr. Warner explains the line

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills

by saying "indeed it is true that his normal personality, like that of everyone, is 'uncouth' when compared with what he has written." Not only does this gloss completely misinterpret the word "uncouth" (which plainly means untaught, or without knowledge), but fails to show that it refers to Milton's sense of addressing himself to a great task prematurely.

I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.

He describes the quality of *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity* thus:

And in the style there is not only an English magic and a Virgilian grace and



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pathos: there is also a strange majesty, a virile robustness.

These words seem to me to be neither apt in the context nor even meaningful.

Bailey, Hutchinson and Tillyard, to mention only three of Milton's recent critics, are both more efficient in explication and more inspiring in the presentation of their legitimate enthusiasm. Mr. Warner's desire to record his enthusiasm is a typical modern romantic heresy. Its only significance is subjective. All it tells us is that Mr. Warner's reactions to Milton are much as other people's and that he is unable to communicate them with any great conviction.

The typography of the book is so poor that at one stage a part of Mr. Warner's prose text, which happens to scan, is indistinguishable save by its lack of poetic quality, from the preceding and succeeding verses of Milton. The narrow margins, the poor paper and the furry illustrations take us back to unhappy memories of wartime economy standards.

PETER RUSSELL.

CREATIVE FORCES

RELIGION AND THE RISE OF WESTERN CULTURE. Christopher Dawson. Gifford Lectures. Sheed and Ward. 15s. net.

IT is perhaps easiest to describe this book by saying that it repeats the thesis of the first half of Mr. Belloc's *Europe and the Faith* but buttresses it with a far deeper learning than Mr. Belloc there displayed. The old argument used to tell us that Christianity sapped the strength of the old pagan Roman Empire and was one of the causes of its downfall. Through Christianity Europe was plunged into the Dark Ages and gradually through the workings of an automatically beneficent law of progress climbed out of the wholly barbaric Dark Ages into the large barbaric Middle Ages. This dogmatic folly is, of course, to-day, generally recognised to be untenable. The truth lies rather with Lord Acton's great saying that "religion is the

by Christopher Hollis

key of history," and, as Mr. Dawson truly argues, modern psychological discoveries have revealed a wider meaning in that saying than Lord Acton ever guessed. Religion has not only been the great creative force which has shaped legislation and policy, but also it alone has been able to provide those compensations which give meaning to the life of the ordinary man and thus prevent him from breaking out into sterile violence.

Mr. Dawson brings to his thesis a wealth of learning of which the world is well aware but from which it benefits less frequently than one could wish. He carries us up from the fall of the Roman Empire to the high noon of the 13th century. "The importance of these centuries of which I have been writing," he tells us, "is not to be found in the external order they created or attempted to create, but in the internal change they brought about in the soul of Western man—a change which can never be entirely undone except by the total negation or destruction of Western man himself."

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS.

A CENTURY OF VERSE

THE FORSAKEN GARDEN—an Anthology of Poetry 1824-1909. Edited by John Heath-Stubbs and David Wright. *Lehmann*. 8s. 6d.

SECOND only to collecting a good Santhology comes the task of appraising it justly: nor is *The Forsaken Garden* a collection easily awarded its desert. Banality and capriciousness of choice are qualities entirely absent here. There is always a *raison d'être* offered for the editors' inclusions or omissions, yet, even so, the anthology wears a somewhat uninevitable, arbitrary air.

Beginning with the death of Byron at Missolonghi in 1824, the editors have fixed their other terminal at Swinburne's death in 1909. Yeats, Hardy and Bridges, however, though much of their work belongs to this period, are excluded on the ground that they were still alive in

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M E T H U E N

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1910. Doughty, whose *Dawn in Britain* appeared in 1906, is admitted to have a "significant place" but is not represented; neither, at the Regency end, is Landor, whose work is said to continue the 18th century tradition.

In a short but interesting Introduction, the editors trace the development of Romantic verse in the 19th century, as its force fans out like some half-spent river in the form of various tributaries. We are, however, unable to follow the ramifications of this spirit because of the arrangement of the volume, no dates being given for poets or poems, chronological order only roughly observed, and—what is more unfortunate—the compositions of each individual poet scattered up and down the book.

But if the ground-plan leaves much to be desired, there are treasures and discoveries enough to compensate us. Twenty-six anonymous pieces of Victorian folk-poetry, to which are added the texts of certain hymns, form a novel and entertaining feature. There are also excellent selections from the works of such neglected minor poets as Lord de Tabley, Ebenezer Elliot, Sebastian Evans, James Clarence Mangan, David Gray, John Sterling, Charles Tennyson-Turner and William Barnes.

DEREK STANFORD.

Fiction

A PIER AND A BAND. Mary MacCarthy.
Hamish Hamilton. 9s. 6d.

THE WORLD MY WILDERNESS. Rose
Macaulay. *Collins. 8s. 6d.*

THE HOTEL AND TO THE NORTH. Elizabeth
Bowen. *Cape. 7s. 6d. each.*

MORE than thirty years have passed since Mrs. MacCarthy, the author of one of the most exquisite accounts of an English childhood, wrote a delicate and melancholy novel called *A Pier and a Band*. It was reprinted in 1931 with an introduction by David Garnett, who said that it was

the English *Cherry Orchard*, a romantic evocation of a typically English way of life at its moment of passing. The moment has long passed and the rapid changes, even between 1931 and 1950, can only endorse the truth of the judgment.

The book, reprinted once again, is a comedy with tragic implications, social and personal. The plot is sprung when Mr. Tippits, who has made a fortune in gin, purchases a country estate in north Somerset and conceives the idea of developing the lovely unspoilt stretch of coast into a popular watering place, with a pier and a band. The period is the later eighteen-nineties. The chief landowner of the district, Sir John Forest, is prepared to fight the scheme to the end, but Mr. Tippits, a shrewd judge of human nature, picks his collaborator from the local gentry. This is Victor Villiers, an extravagant and selfish Victorian exquisite, living with his motherless daughter Perdita. In order to avoid the consequence of his idleness and extravagance, Villiers will sell his land to Tippits so that a branch railway line may be constructed; promises of increased trade and amenities secure the support of the local farmers and shopkeepers for the scheme. Sir John, a just man and a generous landlord, fights with everything he has, but we know that he will lose and that the works of Tippits will cover the land.

There is a personal tragedy, too. Perdita Villiers, who has no place in her father's life, has fallen in love with Antony Forest, Sir John's grandson. The heightening of their childhood friendship into unavowed love is very beautifully done. But the feud between Villiers and Sir John disrupts this companionship and when Sir John dies, he leaves the heavily encumbered estate to Antony, exacting from him the promise that he will never sell it. The honouring of this promise means the renunciation of marriage with Perdita, who is sent to Germany by her father to "recover" and because he dislikes the sight of grief. She goes as a companion to one of those little doll's-house German Courts which still survived in those days; the mixture of enchantment and boredom which the high-spirited girl feels for the



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routine is conveyed with a delicacy and wit which cannot fail to enchant the reader, even though this part of the book is something of a postscript. The real story of Perdita finishes, we feel, when she leaves her home; she is already the woman she is going to be; nothing which happens to her later, including her marriage to the young man Fitzgerald, will really make any difference. Perdita has been formed by her selfish father, whose charm we are made to feel even when his conduct is most odious, by her detachment from Antony and her first taste of the harshness and injustice of the world.

All the characters of the book are drawn in with the utmost sureness, they have the contradictory and complementary qualities of actual humanity. Tippetts for all his vulgarity, is good-natured, even, in a way, likeable; Villiers is charming, Sir John is a figure of great nobility but his patriarchal attitude is shown as inadequate. He relieves, immediately and generously, any specific need of the wretched poorly-paid labourers, he never reflects that the system which fixes them in poverty may be unjust. Antony has loyalty and courage but, as even Perdita sees, little intelligence. Fitzgerald is intelligent and amusing, in embracing him Perdita embraces life, but not the one beloved. Fortitude and a sense of duty, the Victorian virtues, animate nearly all the characters, except Victor Villiers; Mr. Tippetts probably thought he had a "duty" to bring the jerry-builder to the moor and the coast.

We are, as a race, sentimental about nature, and all progressive persons now unite in condemning the activities which have turned the greater part of England's coastline into a ribbon development of bungalows, lodging houses, concrete promenades and pleasure beaches, strewn with empty ice cream cartons and unlovely bodies laying to cook in the sun. David Garnett, answering a point made by Fitzgerald in the book, says that "better architecture and anti-litter leagues don't

help those of us who love empty and unspoiled stretches of country." There is something mournful about even the most tactful preservation of the National Trust. In a small overpopulated country, therefore, only regret can remain, the regret so justly and eloquently enshrined by Mrs. MacCarthy in this delightful book, which will, I hope, find the wide and enthusiastic public it deserves.

A wide and enthusiastic public is assured to Miss Rose Macaulay's new novel, her first for ten years. Few women writers have Miss Macaulay's purely intelligent quality in handling the comedy of manners; Miss Bowen's vision may be blurred by excessive sensibility, Miss Compton-Burnett's by a robust joy in malice. The pure comedy of manners is necessarily lacking in feeling; it is for that reason foolish to complain that the study of Barbary, the girl who has run wild in France during the German occupation, is deficient in depth-soundings. What is caught superbly is the tone of the two households in which Barbary's life has been spent, her mother's and her step-mother's. The deepest feeling of the book is for a place, not for a person, contrasting with Mrs. MacCarthy's book which, while describing the desecration of a place, is in fact most concerned with the people. Miss Macaulay's love is for London, not for Barbary; her description of the bomb damage in the city, the landmarks removed, the historic traces obliterated, is the most vital part of the book, which elsewhere is acute and witty but rather a situation considered than an experience felt.

This review of two admirable books by women writers should be rounded off by the reminder that two further volumes have been added by Cape to his very attractive uniform edition of Elizabeth Bowen's novels. There is a horrible fascination in Miss Joan Hassall's drawing of the clothes of the twenties in the frontispiece of *The Hotel*. I hope it won't be acquired by Monsieur Dior.

RUBY MILLAR.



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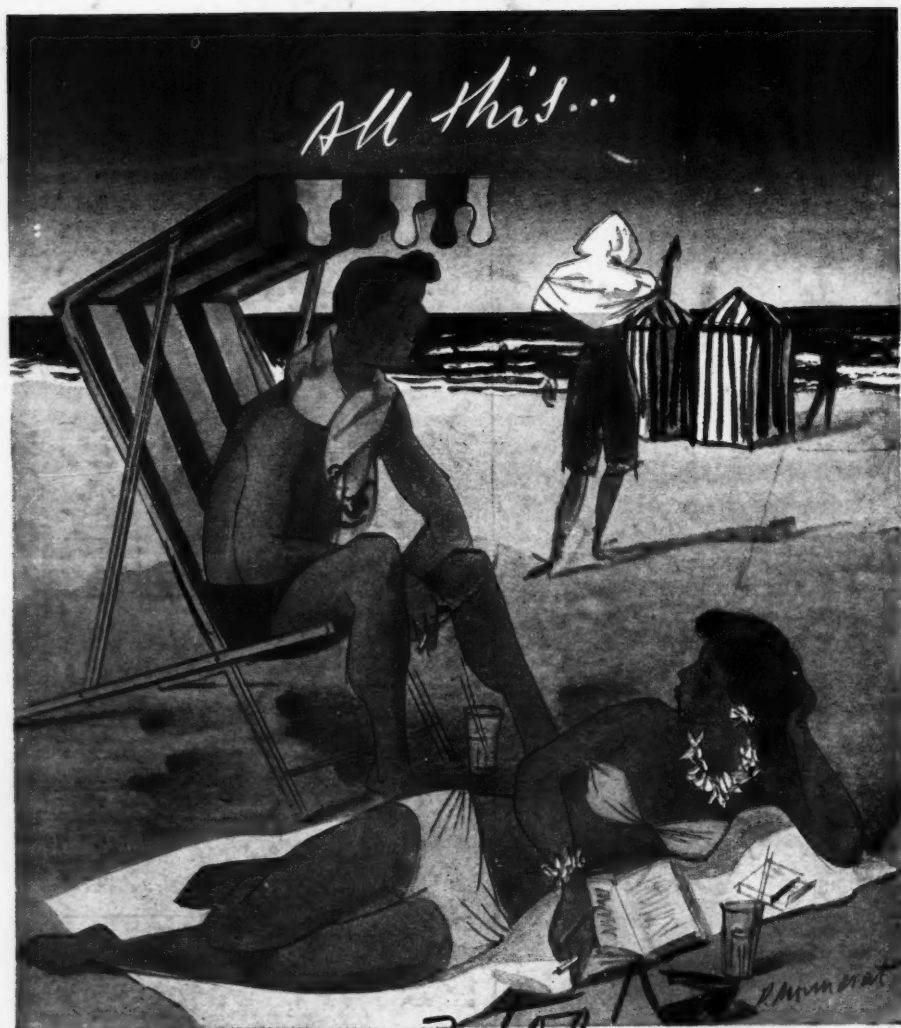
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